

S*

50c

sir Knight

VOL. 1 NO. 3



ADULTS ONLY

A ROUND TABLE OF EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT



• *Tawny blonde Donna Noble made blouse Hollywood photographers gasp and clamor for her services when she hit filmtown and began modeling as the first step toward an acting career. See Donna on Page 7.*



• *In Rome, SIR KNIGHT'S photographer found beautiful, earthy Marisa Allasio, zooming starward in Italian films. American Knights saw her in "The Seven Hills of Rome." We've got her on Page 40.*



• *They don't come much sexier than fabulous blonde Greta Thyssen, Denmark's very female gift to America's beauty conscious Knights. Greta never looked better than she does in the pix on Page 13.*



• *A bit of schnitzel from Old Vienna went to Paris and showed them how to do the American strip as they'd never seen it before. She's blonde and exotic Carolyn Cherie, pictured off and on stage on Page 28.*



• *Dark, sultry and sinuous Lela Ballad comes from far off Azerbaijan to sexite and sintice with an ancient and provocative dance. She is an exciting girl to read about and see on Page 46.*



• *Sandy Sims, black-haired and fulsome round, is currently driving them wild in Dallas as a triple-threat singer, dancer and stripper. Her rare and striking beauty, pictured on Page 60, ought to mushroom Dallas' population.*



sir Knight's fair ladies do things!

**They're beautiful, brainy,
active**

greetings from sir Knight

WHEN SIR KNIGHT goes aquesting, he brings back the damsels not only in quantity but in highsome quality as well—a fact well witnessed by the half-dozen beauties to the left. They come from all over the world—from Vienna by way of Paris, from distant and exotic Azerbaijan in Persia, from Rome and Copenhagen and California and Texas, where the long-stemmed beauties grow at their longest.

Nor does SIR KNIGHT seek only those Rapunzels or Lily Maids who sit endlessly in their ivory towers, spinning away the hours awaiting his coming. He likes spirited, active girls, girls who do things, and this sextet, as revealed not only here but on the inside pages, are a gifted and energetic, as well as a supremely lovely half dozen. Quite a glamorous group to have assembled in the course of a single errantry!

Sir Knight

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER GIRL—

Danoldo Jardon photographed by RON VOGEL 2

GREETINGS FROM SIR KNIGHT—feature..... 2

TWENTY-TWO DIAMONDS—novelette 4
GUY DUVAL

NOBLEST NOBLE—pictorial 7
Danna Nable photographed by MERLE ROGERS

WINNIE'S GRANDPA WAS A SPORT—..... 10
historical profile...P. RODERICK HARRIS

ABREAST OF THE TIMES—pictorial profile..... 13
ROGER TURRELL

Greta Thyssen photographed by RUSS MEYER

SOME PROVERBS RE-VIEWED—cartoons..PETRO 16

NAKED BODY—fiction.....KENNEDY DUNCAN 1B

THE UNIFORM—SYMBOL OF SEX—article..... 22
DANIEL CARPENTER

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS—fiction...BYRON WORTH 24

WILD CHERIE!—pictorial..... 2B
Coraline Cherie photographed by LEO FUCHS

BOUQUET—fictionTHOMAS R. FULLER 33

SIR KNIGHT'S LADY FAIR—special pictorial.... 34
Bambi Rogers photographed by ARNOLD RUBENSTEIN

DUTIFUL DREAMER—fiction.....W. B. BURTON 36

ITALIAN EXPORT!—pictorial 40
Marisa Allasia photographed by RUSS MEYER

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT—humor 42

LADY FOR SALE—fiction.....LANCE CRUTHERS 45

GIRL FROM AZERBAIJAN—pictorial profile..... 46
HORACE DEVINE

Lela Bolland photographed by RON VOGEL

TEXAS TOMATO—pictorial 60
Sandy Sims photographed by JIMMY RHODES



see page 18



see page 4



see page 10



see page 22



VOL. 1 NO. 3

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*Terry tossed the
G-string, apparently
aimlessly, into
Mr. Farquarson's waiting
hands.*

When Terry stripped, she did it right down past her G-string—and this was the little gimmick that would swing the big caper—or land her in jail for busting a pack of laws.

Twenty-Two Diamonds

by GUY DUVAL

THIS WAS IT—the final performance of Jules Filou's spectacular and justly celebrated *Folies Françaises* at the huge, packed and glittering club *Chez Aphrodite* in Cannes on the French Riviera. There was even more of an atmosphere of high excitement than on opening night, five months earlier, at the start of the "season", for, late the next afternoon, the entire show, singers, comedians, specialty acts, chorus dancers and showgirls was to take off, via chartered airliner, for the opening of the new and ultra-luxurious *International Room* of the just-completed *Coronado Inn* at Las Vegas, 6,000 miles away.

Onstage, in the solo act that preceded the grand finale, the *Folies'* sole American performer, Teresa "Terry" Burrell, was keeping the male half of the audience bouncing in their seats with her *Salon de Strip*, an act that had rocked the Riviera all season. She moved slowly, seductively, rhythmically, through the steps and gyrations in which, alternately amused and sensual, she displayed the ecdysiast art, first as European girls malpracticed it, then as it was properly (or improperly) performed in the land of its birth, America.

To the audience, as she deftly removed her final garments, she was a white flame goddess in the circle of light that followed her gyrations against a black-velvet drop. When she plucked the glittering rosettes, first from one rose-tipped breast,

then from the other, tossing them into the wings, she seemed beautiful, provocative, pagan female incarnate, intent only upon the gratification of her wild desires. When she went into her final, hip-grinding Latin hula, rotating her pelvis until at last, the black fringe skirt seemed to fly from her body of its own accord, leaving her lithe, satin-white body encased only in the briefest and most glittering of G-strings, she appeared beyond thought, beyond reason, a panting embodiment of sheer sensual passion.

But the Terry Burrell going through her highly paid, uninhibited paces under the lights was not, at the moment, concerned with love. The moist, parted vermillion lips were muttering low-pitched self-reproaches rather than amorous little moans and sighs, the heavy-lidded, half-closed eyes were weighted with mascara and eye-shadow rather than with languor. The vision beneath the tossing, cherry-red crown of short curls was of prison rather than passion.

She still had time to back out of Ali Singh's proposition, but she knew herself too well to think for a moment she would. In the course of the next 36 hours, she was going to break enough laws, both international and national, to justify the erection of a special Bastille, all for Terry Burrell.

The right orchestra beat arrived at last, and, as her spin brought her

—turn the page

a Sir Knight Bonus Novelette



Philippe

Ali

Terry

DIAMONDS, from page 5

back to the audience, she unclipped the glittering, rhinestone-studded G-string and revealed herself to the paying customers in the garb of Eve, suddenly a statue with arms outflung, breasts outhrust, hips an open invitation to amour—a statue for one memorable moment just before the spot blinked out, leaving the stage in blackness.

A dresser, waiting in the wings, flung a white-fur wrap over her as she ran offstage. Clutching it loosely around her, and holding the glittering G-string underneath, she glided back onstage as the lights came on, taking her bows to thundering applause as the orchestra played a quick reprise before going into the overture for the finale.

"You were great—*terrifique!*" whispered Philippe Wyatt, the revue's Franco-American composer-arranger as Terry came off after her final bow.

"Was I?" she asked abstractedly, hardly seeing the lean, effeminate, young-old musician in her abstraction, though she could, as always, smell the lily-of-the-valley cologne with which he scented himself.

As she pushed on past him, he caught her exposed bare arm, checking her progress, and said, "Remember, sweetie—special re-

hearsal tomorrow noon."

"When did I ever miss a rehearsal?" she countered, pulling her arm clear and moving on up the iron stairs to her dressing room. Just now, timing was of the essence.

Corinne Dubois, the eel-dancer with whom she shared a cubicle as a featured performer, was downstairs onstage, doing her stuff in the final spectacle. Opening her big, Italian-leather handbag, Terry dropped the glittering new G-string inside. In its place in the open paper box which already held the other brand-new costumes that were going to America, she substituted another similar rhinestone-studded G-string of her own—one she had brought to the theater for the purpose.

Still nude, she was seated at her dressing table, with its electric-light-bordered mirror, peeling off her artificial eyelashes, when Mme. Frou-Frou, the wardrobe-mistress entered, to collect Terry's gear for the trip.

What Madame Frou-Frou's real name was, neither Terry nor anyone else but the company paymaster knew. She was a scrawny, prune-faced old-timer, addicted to felt carpet slippers, *vin rouge* and dandruff-grey Mother Hubbards, who had been a famed chtoryphee in the

Paris of Gaby Deslys and Mistinquette, and was eke-ing out her final years taking care of the costumes of her successors in the spotlight backstage. She had keen little eyes, a tight little mouth, a sharp nose and a tongue to match.

She said, "You almost tore your skirt when you took it off tonight out there. How many times must I tell you to be careful. These costumes are new for the American trip, and very expensive." Her French was rapid as machine-gun fire.

"Everything's there," said Terry, nodding toward the box, on which she had placed the cover before sitting down.

"Well, at least you had it ready," grumbled the old woman as, with unexpected muscle in her old crow of a body, she hoisted it under one arm. This, Terry knew from experience, was the equivalent of an accolade.

"You looking forward to the trip?" Terry asked.

The old lady scowled and shook her head. "Why should I?" she countered. "For me, it's just a lot of extra work, packing and unpacking. You're the ones who have all the fun—and little use you make of it!"

With this, she turned and marched out, still carrying the box of costumes.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Terry finished removing her stage makeup and began putting on her normal quota of powder and lipstick. She was a laughing, beautiful, much younger sort of woman when she had finished. Actually, Terry was twenty-four, with almost a decade of knocking around the choruses of two continents already under her 23-inch waistline. She was red-headed, easy-going, adventurous, a girl who enjoyed new places and people, yet who had sufficient pride in her dancing to have moved up from the chorus to her specialty spot in the most spectacular and successful of all European cabaret revues.

Yet she had been dumb enough, or in love enough, to fall for Ali Singh's proposition—she wasn't entirely sure which. Terry didn't deceive herself in the matter of amour. She loved love and was not infrequently in same. She relished the excitement of scaling the sweet staircase to paradise with some new and attractive male far too much to deliver herself, body and soul, to any one man for long.

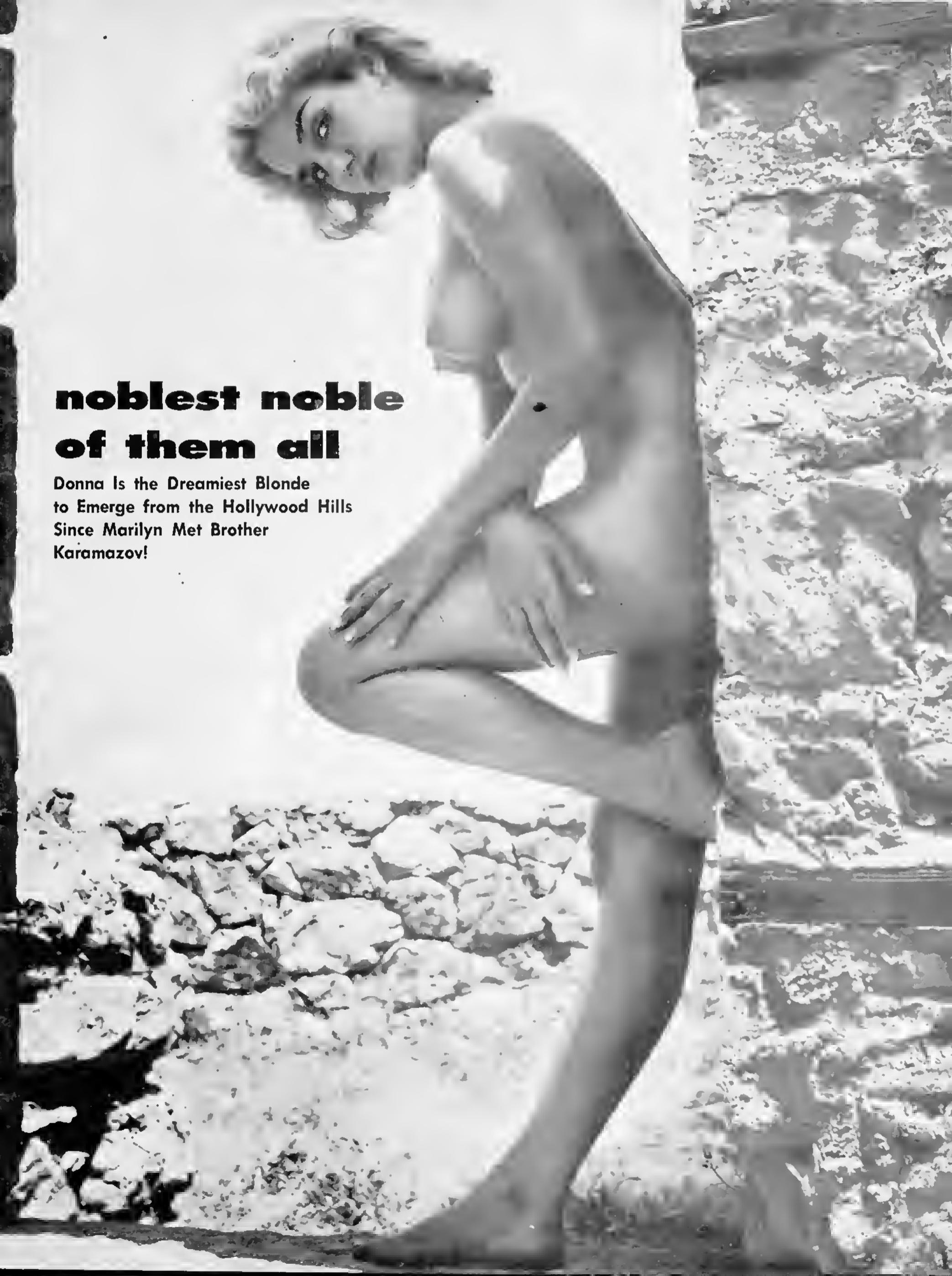
At least, such had been her story

—turn to page 50

sir Knight



"I'll be late, mom. Something has unexpectedly come up."



noblest noble of them all

Donna Is the Dreamiest Blonde
to Emerge from the Hollywood Hills
Since Marilyn Met Brother
Karamazov!



ALMOST EVERYONE has his own idea of the particular shapes and sizes of sugar and spice that go to make up a truly beautiful girl. Sometimes individual tastes differ violently, a variation in opinion that may not make horse races but does keep the species from dying out. Only in rare instances does a girl come along that all men, everywhere, label Beautiful.

Sacramento-barn Donna Nable, who stands 5' 6½" in her toes, sparts a 36B-25-35, 125-pound physique and has golden hair, dark-brown eyebrows, ruby-red lips and sea-green eyes, is one of these rare specimens. Furthermore, her beauty is of the kind that neither comes out of a tube or battle nor can be removed with a damp cloth. And it's all over beauty, that demands no favored angles for proper viewing. Danna looks terrific from any angle.

She is athletic, romantic, fond of progressive jazz and attractive males. She wants to be a florist and is 22 years old. Take it away, if you're lucky enough to get the chance!

She Has Green Eyes, Golden Hair and Wants to Sell Flowers!





Leonard Jerome was a colorful, hell-raking sportsman-financier of whom Sir Winston must surely be proud.

Winnie's Grandpa Was a Sport

by P. RODERICK HARRIS



TO THE ENTIRE English-speaking world, Sir Winston Speneer Churchill has come to symbolize the genius of Britain incarnate. Since the spring of 1940, when he took over the Premiership with his country's fortunes falling to their lowest ebb, and restored them largely through his own unshakable courage and character, Churehill has replaeed the conventional John Bull as the living symbol of England.

When we think of his ancestry, we recall that he is the direct descendant of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough and perhaps his country's greatest soldier. We may recall that his mother was an American girl, Jennie Jerome, born in Brooklyn. But we don't go much beyond Jennie, if we get to her at all.

This is a pity. More than that, it is an injustice to Leonard Jerome—Winnie's grandfather—one of the most colorful, hell-raking sportsmen-finaneiers America ever produced, a man remarkable even in a century whieh had more than its share of such charaeters in men like Commodore Vanderbilt, John Jaeob Astor, Jim Fiske, Jay Gould, August Belmont and the like. Churehill's grandfather did business with these men, shared their profits, women and hobbies and, for decades, more than held his own in the fastest financial company the world has ever known.

He indulged spectacularly in wine, women and song... adding horses and yachting to the classical trio... and was famous for his jokes, both witty and practical. He was a handsome giant of a man who cut a wide swathe among the fanciest women of his time on two hemispheres and yet had cold chilled steel in his veins when the chips were down.

When his daughter Jennie, then married to Lord Randolph Churchill, gave birth to the future Sir Winston, one of Jerome's horse-breeding cronies wrote, "Interesting breeding... stamina always goes through the dam, and pace through the sire." As a matter of fact, Leonard Jerome had both stamina and pace to a marked degree.

Of French Huguenot descent on his father's side and Scots on his mother's, Leonard was born in 1818, fifth among nine boys and a girl, in Syracuse, New York, whenee his parents had moved in 1815, when Captain Aaron Jerome returned from the Second War with England.

Like his four older brothers before him, Leonard entered Princeton in 1836, after a childhood spent on his father's farm and working in the local general store. He was bright enough to skip a year but bogged down in mathematics... strangely enough, his chief weakness despite his later victories in the world of high finance... and retired to finish his education at Union College in Schenectady. A possible added factor in his retirement from the New Jersey institution lay in his fondness for practical jokes. He was forever being caught by the proctors for raiding the village for signposts and displacing outhouses and fencees, for leading mules to the third floor of Nassau Hall, for putting tar on the chapel seats and for sabotaging the test-tube mixtures of his chemistry professor to produce unexpected blasts and evil smells during lab sessions.



Graduated from Union in 1839, Leonard read for the law in Albany and was admitted to the bar, but soon moved west to work in the office of his uncle, Judge Hiram Jerome, first in Palmyra, then in Rochester. There, a year later, his younger brother, Lawrence, joined the firm as junior clerk. The two brothers cut quite a swathe in early Rochester society, and Lawrence married an orphan heiress named Catherine Hall in August, 1844.

A successful dabble by the brothers in newspaper publishing followed, and, in April, 1847, Leonard married Catherine's sister, Clara, a gorgeous brown-eyed brunette, who thus became the paternal grandmother of Sir Winston. Shortly afterward, the brothers sold their newspaper at a profit and bought into the Merchant's State Telegraphic Company, which was then battling the Morse interests. Leonard maneuvered so skillfully that he forced his opponents to buy up the Merchant's State for more than \$65,000, a siz-



able sum for the times, enough to establish Leonard in New York City.

During this successful campaign, Leonard had wangled an appointment as consul to Ravenna, then under Papal jurisdiction, in March, 1850, but was unable to fill the post, thanks to the press of his business affairs. That same year, Clara presented her husband with the first of four daughters, named after herself.

The Jeromes settled in a modest red-brick house at 292 Henry Street, Brooklyn, where, a year later, Jennie, the second daughter was born. She received this name because her father, a life-long pushover for opera singers (female gender) was currently captivated by the larklike

—turn the page

He was as popular at the high-class bordelloas
as in the drawing rooms of Fifth Avenue.



building and multiplying his millions, Leonard enjoyed himself by driving up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue behind a magnificent pair of spanking bays. He quickly became known, in the Street, as a "man who can get things done", yet one of the chief reasons for his success lay in his integrity. This was the more remarkable because American finance, at the period, was largely managed by as rasically a set of deep-dyed scoundrels as the business of money has ever produced. The mere fact that Leonard Jerome was a man of his word made his word invaluable. As one disgruntled opponent was heard to remark, "That damned bastard has cashed in on honesty!"

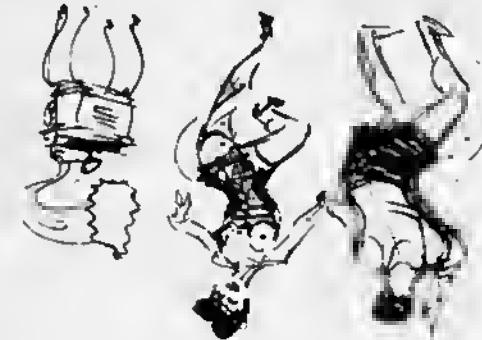
1854, he bought a luxurious saliling yacht, the *Undine*, to transport his family and himself to and from New- York during the hot months. By this time, brother Addison's comback settled two million on his wife after buying her a mansion on West Twenty-eighth Street... "so that the poor girl will never have to worry again."

Meanwhile, Leonard continued to make his official home in Brooklyn, though he was rarely there. However, he did turn up often enough to father two more daughters, Camille, who lived but a few years, and Le- onie, born in 1858. He spent much more time shark-fishing on his yacht, and indulging in what a friend called his "fondness for ladies and horses of high mettle".

As popular at the high-class bor-
dello as in the drawing rooms of
Fifth Avenue, he was usually home
very late, if at all, and away early
from the quiet house on Henry
Street. "Business, my dear," was his
usual alibi . . . though his free-lance
love-life did not suffer from the fact
that Clara had a tin ear and loathed
all forms of musical entertainment,
while Leonard adored both music
and the women who sang it well.
Pleasures notwithstanding, however,
he was well on his way to fortune.
Then, in 1852, President Fillmore
appointed him to be American con-
sul at Trieste, at that time the most
important seaport of the Austrian
Empire. Clara, who had been feeling
somewhat neglected in her Brooklyn
snuggerly, was overjoyed at the pros-
pect of the change, but her joy was
considerably tempered by Leonard's
annoucement that an old frame from
Rochester, Miss Lillian Greenough,
was going with them to take Italian

Meanwhile, Leonard had plunged into the gold-washed hurry-burly of Wall Street, under the sponsorship of his older brother, Addison, already successfully established as a broker. Mid-century Manhattan was made for Leonard Jerome, and vice versa. A flamboyant personality with a magnetic bent speaking and singing voice and tall, handsome presence, Leonard could both think and talk on his feet and had a natural instinct for making friends and influencing people.

The city was, for the most part, a bawdy boom town, from whose lustier elements the proud old families haughtily held aloof, and Leonard was one of the rare few who could be at home with Knob-Nobbing roughnecks like John Morrissey, popular of Saratoga . . . as well as with Mrs. Schermerhorn, who ruled so weighty through a lorgnette. He got littleocal roustabout, one-time heavy-weight champion and future found-er of Schermerhorn, who ruled so weighty through a lorgnette. He got around.



Yes, you've seen this prima donna photographed with less clothing, but never as provocatively as here



FOR REASONS which are wholly self-evident, Greta Thyssen, the unmelancholy Dane, is a girl whose photographs in varying degrees of undress are very, very much in demand. Yet, according to the hard-working, much put-upon men who do the snapping of the Thyssen torso for magazines like this, those who drool over her pleasantly bulbous convolutions of face and figure merely in photographs miss much of the fun.

Despite what can only be termed to date as rather limited experience on stage, screen and television, this not-so-cool cat from Copenhagen is one of the last remaining examples of a virtually extinct species—the old-fashioned prima donna with all of her airs and graces. Taking her picture, or merely submitting proofs for the Thyssen approval, is a rarely stimulating, not to say soul-shattering experience.

The double-breasted delovely from Denmark is addicted to receiving the picture snappers (lucky dobermans!) while reclining luxuriously on a much-pillowed sofa or chaise longue, flicking ashes from a long cigaret in a longer holder and clad in diaphanous negligee that leaves little of the Thyssen spinal and frontal curvature to the fevered photographic imagination.

She enjoys being plied with vintage Scotch and told how beautiful she is—and beautiful she is, Ormsby-Tedder! In fact, so wrapped up



abreast of the times

by BART SIMONS



is she in her own beauty (if not in her own translucent peignoirs) that it is difficult to conceive what might have become of her had she not been blessed with a face and figure cunningly calculated to launch at least a thousand oil tankers for some gaily extravagant Greek billionaire using a Panamanian registry.

Greta does not actually say, "I am God's greatest living gift to men," but she implies it right down the lines—and what lines! As a matter of fact, it is just possible that the girl could be right, for she is quite a dish. And, despite her airs and languors, Greta has managed since coming to America to be a very busy little bee, professionally at any rate.

She arrived in Hollywood in 1953, a comely young bundle of curves from her native Copenhagen, having been selected as "Miss Denmark" in the "Miss Universe" contest of that otherwise unremarkable year. She took one look at Hollywood and decided, "This is for Greta," and Hollywood, after taking several long, low looks at Greta, seems at least to have partially agreed.

While her film career to date has consisted principally of a featured role in a little item entitled "The Beast of Budapest", a quickie rushed into and out of production immediately following the abortive Hungarian revolt of 1956 and mercifully consigned to rapid box-office oblivion, Greta has managed to keep herself gainfully occupied in the five years that have elapsed since her arrival on the American scene.

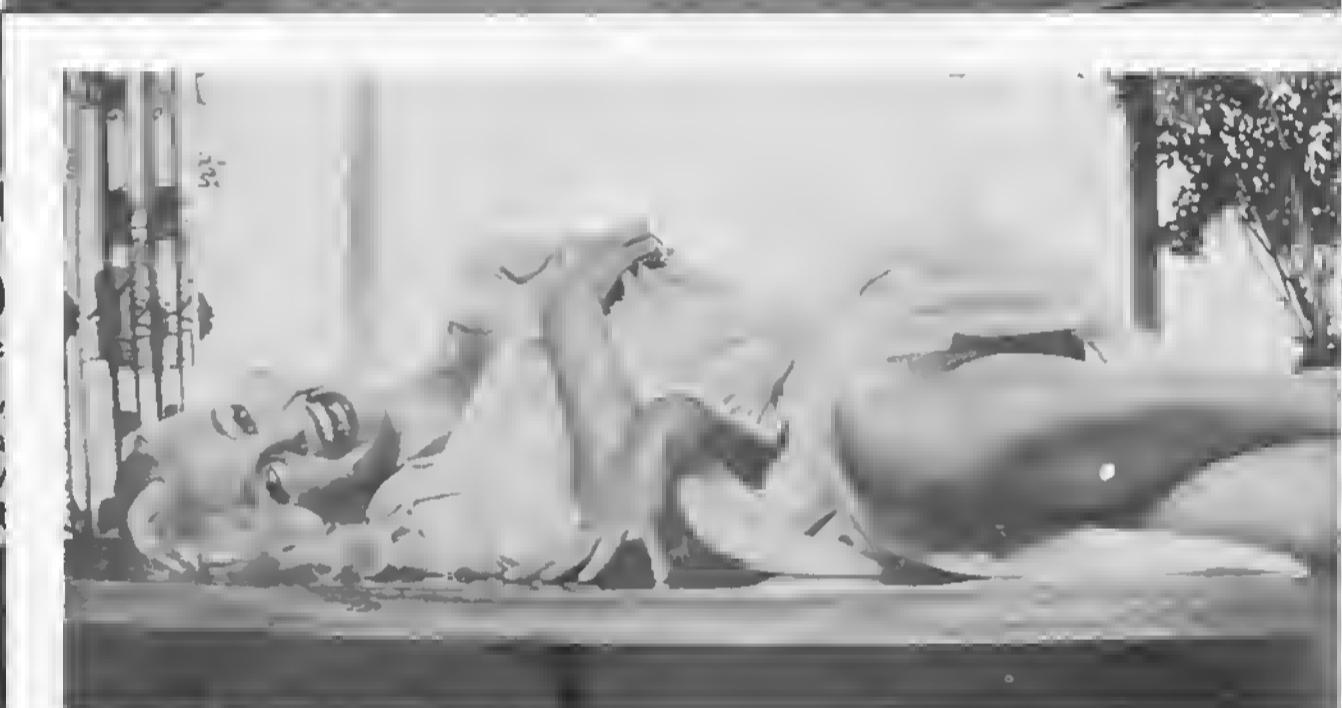
There have been the inevitable little theater appearances in such vehicles as "The Solid Gold Cadillac" at the Pasadena Playhouse and there was a long run in one of the leads of that apparently never-to-end farce "Pajama Tops". Greta has appeared in an apparently equally unending string of television shows, ranging all the way from Jack Webb's "Dragnet" on the West Coast to a last-winter appearance as a "treasure chest" (how apt!) girl on Jan Murray's quiz charivari in New York. And there are other parts for Greta ever in the offing, as her English and theatrical savvy improve.

As a part of the routine Hollywood promotion processing, Greta has received a lot of romantic publicity, being linked in the columns during the last few years with any number of he-publicity seekers and glamour targets. With a sigh worth paying admission to watch, Greta grieves, "Just for once, I wish one of these reports were true. I'm always reported as conducting a torrid romance with someone I haven't

even met."

This girl, like so many others who have won recognition as an unusually well-assembled piece of flesh, expresses a burning ambition to become recognized as a fine dramatic actress rather than a mere marshmallow with nothing but her curves to sell. She spends her non-working hours between chaise longue and swimming pool in various stages of undress, scheming out ways toward achievement of her ambition.

Since Greta, for all of her absorption in her own beauty, is nobody's pigeon mentally, it is altogether conceivable that she might make it. Stranger things *have* happened in the never-never land of show-business. And her very self-absorption might prove a means to this end. What's more, Greta is neither unprepossessing nor a no-talent Josephine in anybody's league.



Outside of her acting ambitions, this Dane with a brain (and what else, Daddy, what else?) has a lingering desire to put paint on canvas instead of on her pretty puss. "When I'm sixty," she says thoughtfully, "maybe I can be a Grandma Moses."

Grandma Moses indeed! It's an odds-on bet that Greta, at sixty, will look so much like Greta at her current 25 that only a plastic surgeon will be able to tell the difference. When, as and if she does take up painting, it is also a safe bet that she will never be taken for another Winston Churchill, let alone Grandma Moses or Whistler's Mother. Or, to put it another way, the architecture is notably different.

Greta feeds and nourishes her beauty as a Japanese gardener nourishes a cherry tree or a Netherlander tools a tulip. She may yearn to become another Garbo or Lynn Fontanne, but she knows her face and

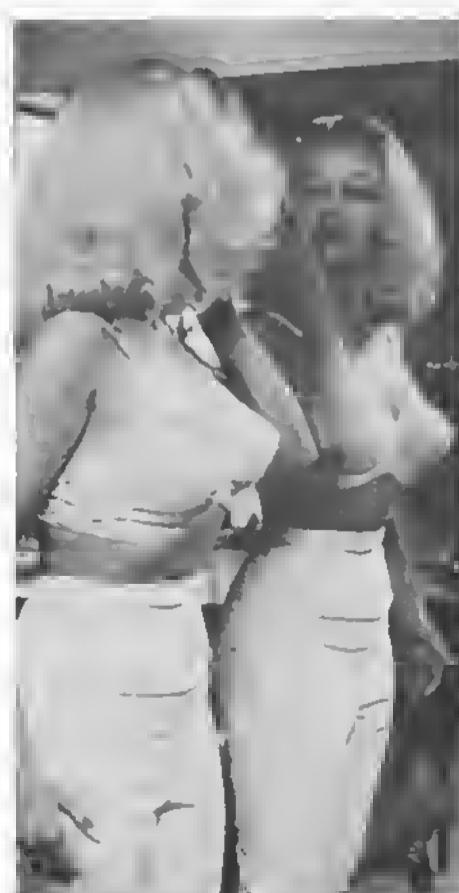


figure are the mainstays of such fortune as she has attained. They constitute her bread and butter, and Greta is a girl who, beneath all the prima donna folderol, knows very well which side her bread is buttered on.

In a way, it is a pity that Greta bloomed upon the Hollywood scene so late. Back in the days of the silent screen, she would have been a sensational rival to the then-flowering Theda Baras and Clara Kimball Youngs. She seems, somehow, slightly miscast in an age that pays homage to Sputniks and Audrey Hepburns, as well as Katherines of the same name.

But, in step with the times or not, la Thyssen is definitely not misplaced upon the pages of a magazine like this. For which every male corpuscle in the audience can heave a quivering sigh of thanks. Greta go bragh! or however they say it in Danish!



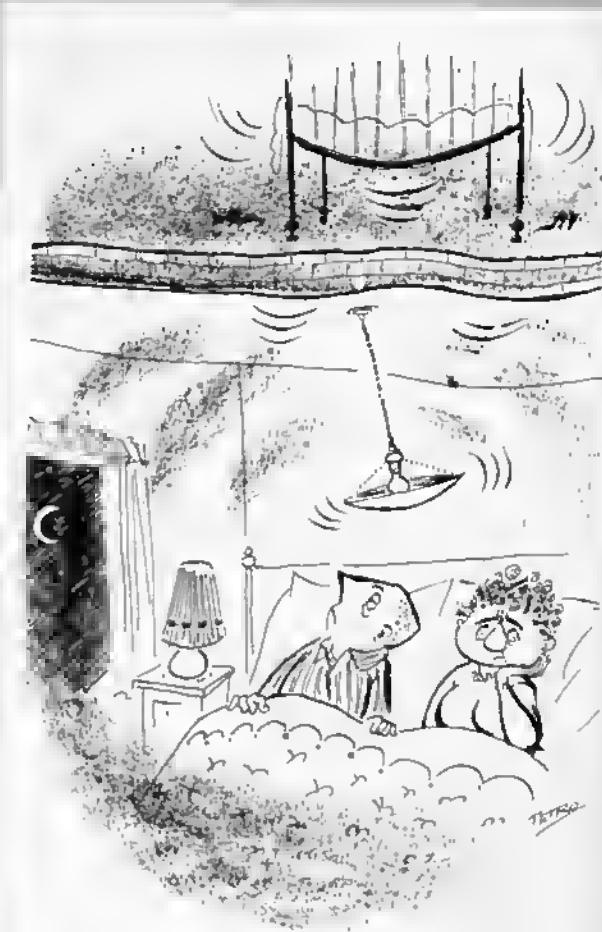
In love, a woman is like a lyre, that surrenders its secrets only to the hands that know how to touch its strings.

Honore de Balzac



I will not affirm that women have no character; rather they have a new one every day.

Heinrich Heine



All that are in a bed must not have quiet rest.

SOME PROVERBS RE-VIEWED

Sir Knight's cartoonist interprets anew some well-worn maxims of the world



We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

Wilde



Virtue is a beautiful thing in women when they don't go about it like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noise with it.

Douglas Jerold



He that would the daughter win, must with the mother first begin.



The girl who makes the poets sigh is a very different creature from the girl who makes his soup.

Frederick Sheldon

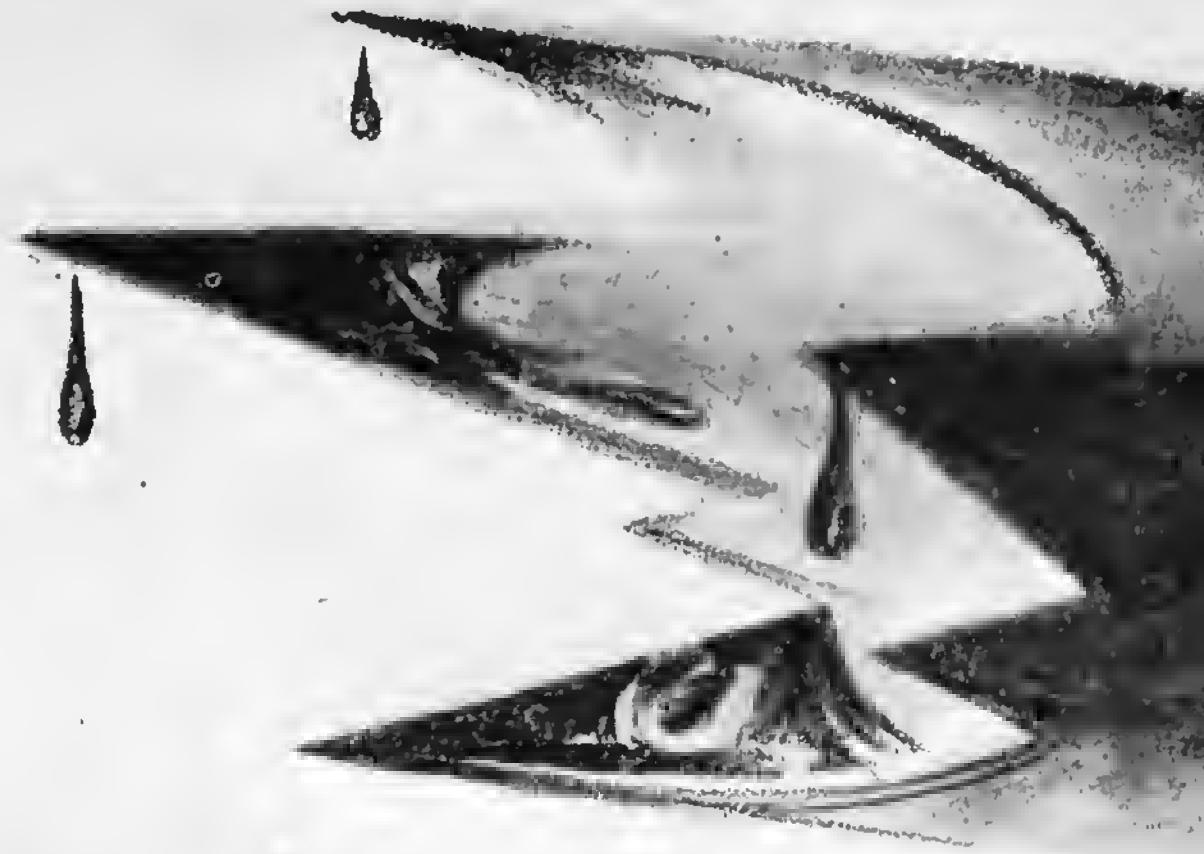


Women have the same desires as men but do not have the same right to express them.



Twice is a woman dear,
when she comes to a house, and when she leaves it.

Anonymous



NAKED BODY

by KENNEDY DUNCAN



GLORIA GRAVES was sitting alone on a stool at the end of the dark bar, looking like what husbands dream about when they look at their wives after ten years of marriage. She didn't need that dim light to look good, either. I'd worked with her, under kleigs at U-I, and she really had that skin you love to maul—and the bones underneath to hold it in perfect shape.

She gave me a sidelong look under the mascara as I slid onto the next stool—hell, a guy's got to sit somewhere—and said, "Hello,



Dave," in that low, heavy voice.

I said, "Hello, sexy," and thought it figured. I was surprised she even bothered to speak to me. Gloria's never been the kind of kid to waste time on a bit player who gets a hundred clams a day, less agent's fee, when he works. She knew what she had and how long she'd have it, and she made it a point not to throw it away on anybody who couldn't do her some good.

For that matter, she wasn't the kind of kid who puts out time and dough in the kind of a bar I was in—one of those shabby, neighbor-

hood dine-and-drink places you don't read about in the movie trade paper columns, where nobody dines unless he's on the cuff and can't afford to go next door to the drug store. But right then I wasn't in the mood to think about Gloria—or maybe I didn't figure it would do me a bit of good.

Mike came up, carrying his bar towel, and said, "The usual, Dave?" I growled a yes and tried not to look at myself in the back-bar mirror.

It had been one of those days. In the morning, I'd lost a nice fat com-

mission when the hottest prospect I'd had in weeks decided to plump down his dough for a Glendale hacienda instead of the Beverly Hills Spanish I'd been pushing at him. I try to make a buck selling real estate between movie and television chores, just to keep in sports shirts and racetrack cash, but even there the dollars had been coming awful slow.

Then, that afternoon, my alleged agent, Sam McNish, had laid it on the line with, "You're a good actor, Dave. No Goddam Brando or Barrymore, not even Diana, but you

—turn the page

In the terrified starlet, he found a passion he hadn't suspected—while murder stalked their lives



BODY, from page 19

move okay, and you read a line well enough."

"So what's wrong?" I ask him.

"So I can't sell your face," he says, looking me over, as if he'd never seen me before.

"What's wrong with it?" Naturally, I wanted to know. I wouldn't have gotten into the acting dodge to begin with if my mirror and everyone else hadn't told me I was way above average in the looks department. Now, it seemed, that was the trouble.

"It's too stinking pretty, Dave," Sam told me. "I figured you for a push-in as the second lead on that new character-Western series at Ziv. But I got the word last night—you're too goddam pretty. Nowadays, they want beat-up types, like Palance and the others—mean looking characters. You're mean enough, Jesus knows, but you just don't look it."

I felt like belting him, but Sam was a movie stunt man and a pro athlete before he took up agenting, and he still keeps in shape, so I knew I didn't have a chance. Besides, I need him a lot more than he needs me.

So I walked out of there and rode around in my clunker and tried to think up reasons for not driving it

Sir Knight



over a cliff. By the time I hit Mike and the corner saloon, I was in no mood to be sociable—especially with a broad like Gloria, whose eye is on the main chance and whose heart is a chunk of iceberg lettuce. So I sat there in the semi-darkness, glooming into my rickey.

After a while, it sank through that Gloria was talking to me. I looked around at her and caught those big, tilted black eyes on me, and that little, tilted nose, and that firm-soft sensual mouth and chin. I tried not to look at the firm-soft sensual items not far below that were totally unencumbered except by the low, square-cut top of the dress she had on.

I said, "Yes, honey?" And she said, very intense, "Dave, I've got to talk to somebody."

"Old sounding board," I said, wondering what the hell, but not wondering much. Like I said, the likes of Gloria Graves is not for the likes of Dave Martinsen.

"I'm serious," she said. "I'm scared right out of my panties."

"Didn't know you wore them," I flipped, but then I peered at her face—yes, her face—and I saw she wasn't kidding. So I said, "Sorry, sugar. What sent the old fright-wig up?"

Her eyes slid away from mine,

and she stared straight ahead, not looking at anything, and said, "It was Shotsey. When I got home a little while ago, I went into the kitchen for some papaya juice, and there was Shotsey, looking in through the window, staring at me. He had a torn left ear, and his beautiful orange hair was all matted up, but I'd know him anywhere."

"Slow down," I said. "Do you make a habit of seeing orange-haired men with torn ears named Shotsey peering in through your back windows?" I was beginning to wonder how long she'd been on the sauce.

"Shotsey's not a man," she said quietly, sort of sadly. "He's a cat—our cat, Linda's and mine. Linda took him with her when she went on that—when she disappeared last month."

I may be no Albert Einstein, or even a Charley Einstein, but when she said "Linda" and "disappeared", pieces began to fall into place and make sense, after a fashion. It was headlines for a week, and all over radio and TV news spots before it faded out, like they almost always do. Gloria shared living quarters, somewhere off Sunset, with another doll—like they do if they don't want the town thinking they're shacking up every night. The doll's name was Linda Phelps, and she was a good-looking auburn dish, not quite as far up the ladder as Gloria. She'd had a few television bits, and some little-theater stuff, but she still posed for pinups in the mags, and did occasional nudes. There must be a thousand of them in Hollywood, more or less like her, crazy and willing to do anything that will get them ahead.

In Linda's case, crazy enough to go out with a character who called himself a photographer, even though the name and face were unfamiliar. That's what she'd told Gloria, according to the news stories, the night before what ever happened to her happened. Gloria had had a studio call early the next morning, and had come home to find Linda and the cat missing. After that, nothing—Linda was still missing. But now, according to Gloria, the cat was back.

I said, "Cats have a way of coming back—sometimes it takes them a long time. So—"

"No!" she interrupted, real sharp. "Shotsey was Linda's cat. He tried to follow her everywhere, and raised hell when he couldn't. Linda practically raised him from a tiny kitten. She was around the house a lot more than I was."

Then, after a pause, "Can't you see what it means? Something's

really happened to Linda — she must be dead, or Shotsey wouldn't leave her."

"Hold it," I said. "Your brainpan is scrambled. If Shotsey is back, she got a hell of a reception. She may be half starved."

"Oh my God!" said Floria, staring straight ahead again. "I never thought of that. That poor little cat!" But she sat there, biting her lips and not saying anything.

I got it finally — she was scared, too scared to go home alone and too proud to admit it. It was the first time in the two or three years I'd known her that she'd ever acted like a human being. So I slid off my stool and tossed a buck on the bar and said, "Let's go, sugar."

She didn't say a word, but the way she put her arm inside mine as we walked out of there told me she was grateful. Gloria Graves grateful to me! This, I thought must be the day after all — except that it was night already. The stars were trying to look down at Hollywood through all that smog.

She showed me where to push the clunker — on one of those tree-lined hillside streets just west of the Garden of Allah. "Pull in here," she said, and I pulled in. Then she sat there, and I found she was shivering — shivering, with the thermometer around eighty.

"Okay," I told her. "Let's find that goddam cat."

She lived in a cute little house in back of a bigger place — it had been built alongside a three-car garage, and there was a garden in back. We must have combed that place for twenty minutes, with Gloria stuck to me like she was fettered, chirping and calling for Shotsey every couple of seconds. It was sort of an eery feeling, thinking a kidnaper, maybe a murderer, might be right in back of me there in the darkness. The back of my neck felt funny, and so did the pit of my stomach and the backs of my knees.

Finally, I said, "Maybe Shotsey's inside the house, baby."

"He can't be," Gloria replied. "There's no way in. I've been keeping it locked up tight ever since . . . well, ever since it happened."

"Better check, since we've gone this far," I said, but she shook her head, and I could feel her tremble again.

"No, Dave," she told me. "I don't want to go in there tonight. I can't!"

Something went boing inside me, and I led her back up the driveway toward the street, where my clunker

was parked. I said, "It's your show, sweetstuff."

She didn't say anything until we were in the car again. It didn't take a Dunninger to know she was real shook up. So I said, "Where to?"

She didn't say anything, so I just drove her around for a while, real silent-like. After about fifteen minutes, while we were stopped for a red light, she said, "Dave, take me home — your place. I don't want to be alone tonight." Then she had to spoil it by saying, "But don't be getting any ideas. All I want is to be with somebody I know."

"You know me," I told her stupidly. As I headed for my one-room, bath and kitchenette castle, I told myself, if she wanted to play it that way, I could go along and be just as hands-off as she was. That's what I told myself. But I remembered I was fresh out of booze and stopped at an all-night market to get some.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"That," I told her, "is to make yourself rapidly unconscious, so, if I do get to walking around in my sleep, I won't be able to walk."

She thought it over. Then she said something I never thought I'd hear a Hollywood babe like her say. She said, "Dave, what's it like to

get drunk? I mean really drunk."

"You," I said, "have come to the right place to find out."

She was as wary as an animal when we got to what passes for home with me. I did my best to be matter-of-fact about having her there and let her sniff the place out. I did a hitch in the Navy, during the Korean mess, and I figure I'm a hell of a lot neater than most of the babes whose places I've been in. Anyway, I didn't have nylons and the old unmentionables draped all over the joint. I dumped some ice in the thermos jug, and unwrapped the bottle and fixed up a tray and took it into the room. Gloria was sitting stiff on the sofa, still eyeing the place for hidden traps.

She said, "Where do you sleep, Dave?"

"There," I said, pointing a thumb at the closet door. "A Murphy."

She said, "Oh . . .", and then, "Not so much bourbon in mine."

"I thought you wanted to get stewed," I said, holding the bottle poised.

"I didn't say that," she said. "I only said I'd like to know what it's like to get drunk."

"Suit yourself," I said. "I'll make it light."

turn to page 31



Put a man in colorful, military plumage and he becomes a sexpot—no matter what he looks like underneath

the Uniform—Symbol of Sex

by DANIEL CARPENTER



ONE OF THE unadmitted but deep-seated psychological flaws in our so-called modern civilization is that men no longer wear colorful uniforms. Psychologists do not like to talk, or even think about this deep hole in our culture because uniforms are, in most cases, synonymous with soldiers, and soldiers suggest war.

But silence is no substitute for the fact that the male of the human species, like the male of every other species of animal and bird life, from the tiger-moth to the peacock, likes to display himself in gaudy, eye-catching brilliance. And the female likes to see him so attired. For the female is inevitably attracted by the outer symbols of virility, and dashing display is distinctly a virile trait, whatever the mouse-gray arbiters of our culture and destiny may say.

The Tin Pan Alley tunesmiths who came up with that hoary hit, "There's Something About a Soldier", almost certainly wrote more profoundly than they knew. There is something about a soldier—especially if he glitters and clanks and wears a coat of many colors—and that something is usually women with fluttering hearts. You can put a spindle-shanked weakling into a scarlet coat and make a social and sexual hero out of him—and, on the other hand, you can put a Hercules into khaki fatigues or a flapping sports shirt and make him look, at best, like a mere drugstore cowboy.

The gentlemen who run our Marine Corps know this well, which is why they still dress their parade units in the flashy blue-red-and-white uniform with gleaming buttons and buckle and bright yellow chevrons. Result—of all our armed services, only the Marine Corps is manned entirely by volunteers, as it has been, save for brief wartime emergency expansions, throughout its long history. Adventure promotion may draw some of its recruits—but it's a safe bet that the bulk of them signed up because they had seen color pictures, moving or otherwise, of the Corps in dress blues,



and wanted to rig themselves out in similar uniforms.

Meanwhile, the Army, the Navy and the Air Force have to struggle for draftee replacements. Seaman's uniforms are strictly for laughs, of course, and the Army has been straggling around in dull olive drab ever since World War One, when its blues were abolished as being poor target risks in wartime and a drain on the taxpayer in time of peace. As for the Air Force, its slate blue outfits fall so far short of the glamorous that one wonders how unimaginative designers of a new service can get.

Only the other day, a Los Angeles USO hostess bemoaned the difficulty of getting attractive girls to attend servicemen's parties, and gave as a cause the Army rule permitting soldiers off duty to wear civvies. If the boys could don braid, bright colors and spangles when on leave, her problem would be far easier. Young women are drawn to dashing uniforms like so many moths to the proverbial flames.

If the male instinct to don regiments is not deep-seated, then why do so many millions of glamour-starved American males join lodges whose perquisites include expensive uniforms with plenty of plumes, gold braid and brass buttons? What about the Shriners, the Knights of Columbus and all the others who dress up for every conceivable parade and ceremonial? It's a safe bet that if the uniforms didn't constitute a major drawing factor, they would long since have been abolished.

Yet, such uniforms are not quite the same as the uniform of a soldier. Their wearers do not exude the bright aura of danger to be endured or of protection for the female that the soldier does in gaudy regiments. He is the strutting peacock, the symbol of sex, the magnet for love. It was not the lovely ladies in their low-cut crinolines that made otherwise stuffy Old Vienna so romantic in retrospect — it was those beautifully cut, high-collared, many-hued uniforms that gave it an air. This, even though the Austrian army had not won a war for a

couple of centuries!

Actually, the heyday of the uniform was relatively brief, although its forerunners extend far back in historic time, to the Pharaoh's bodyguard in Ancient Egypt, the phalanx of Macedonia with its brush-crested brass helmets; and the glittering legionaries of Caesar's Rome. In a world virtually without money as we know it nowadays, uniforms were simply too expensive, plus the fact armies were generally assembled from relatively small feudal units, whose lords dressed them to suit their own taste.

It was not until national armies were organized on a regular basis, in the seventeenth century, that regular regiments were born. And the rulers and leaders of those days almost at once realized their value in building *esprit de corps*.

It was none other than that stern, no-frills old Puritan, Oliver Cromwell himself, who first put the British in uniform scarlet by outfitting his famous mixed brigade in this brilliance. The bright red not only made Ironside members a more cohesive unit in battle, but it gave them the edge over other units in the army while in garrison.

During that era of non-humanistic realism, it was not unusual for a monarch who had conquered one of his neighbors in war to insist on a reparation payment for every woman raped by the victorious soldiery during their occupation — on the theory that the loser's population was thus increased. Actually, there seems to have been few cases of rape — most of the women were enchanted by the uniforms of the victors.

During the British occupation of Boston just prior to our own revolution, one young officer wrote home to the effect that, while most wars caused loss of population to invaded territories, it looked as if Boston's population was in a fair way to be doubled. So much for the loyalty of the prim young ladies of Boston when confronted by swaggering soldiery in their scarlet coats. And when, in 1780, Rochambeau's dashing French regiments landed

on American shores, with their magnificent white regiments faced with rose, with crimson, with purple and with blue, they cut a swath of conquered females from Newport, Rhode Island, to Norfolk, Virginia.

One of the secrets of Napoleon's ability to raise and maintain vast armies, year after year, lay in the truly magnificent uniforms he gave his men. His Guard, with its bear-skin hats, his infantry with its shakoes, his lancers with their diamond-topped Polish kapshas, his hussars with their frogged jackets and gold-tasseled caps, wearing jackets and facings that employed the whole spectrum, made every young man eager to join or be conscripted, and every young woman flip like a Presley addict. After the Indian mutiny of 1857, it became British policy to outfit the native soldiery with some of the most magnificent costumes ever seen, complete with sashes, gold-laced tunics and multi-hued turbans — and there was never another serious revolt.

Although khaki crept insidiously upon the scene, first in hot, Afghan border warfare, then in the Boer War, gay uniforms were the order of the day, save on active service, in every country of the world. It was World War One, that first great international disaster of the century, that spoiled the whole thing. It was a citizens', not a soldiers' war, and so ugly that the soldier became hated — hence was kept in ugly grey or khaki. Yet there are serious apologists for the collapsible French army of 1940, who maintain the disaster would not have occurred had not the glamorous horizon blue of World War One been changed to ugly khaki.

However, glittering uniforms do not make war — though they make soldiering a lot more attractive, especially where the female of the species is concerned. As long as we're going to have soldiers, why not dress them up and let the nondescript civilian wolves sulk? We'll be a lot better protected for doing it — and some small portion of our discontent may disappear.

You might say Winnie was sort of a service manager for the syndicate, but whatever it was, his function was rather unique

Business Is Business

BY THE TIME Winifred Francis Xavier O'Leary was 20 he was known all the way from Stillman's Gym to Connolly and Donnelly's on Third Avenue as Winnie The Harp. At about the same time he decided that a fast right cross wasn't much of an aid to survival if your feet were size fourteen and slow at that. While sitting on his kiester one day numbly wondering what chance could a poor thing like a skull have when caught neatly between a right and a left hook, delivered simultaneously, he gave ear to the words of one Mannie Schuman, known variously as Schloim, Schloimic, The Oracle of Jacobs Beach. Said this sage:

"Frankly, I'm gonna be honest wit ya because I can't stand the sight of blood. What I mean is, a bum is a bum so if ya wanna keep on gettin' knocked on yer can its all right wit me but if yiz'l take my advice like I tell ya, ya'll get outta this racket and get inta somethin' which it don't matter how stupid yer feect are. Ya get me?"

Winnie got him. In a very few days, scarcely before his cuts had healed, Winnie was launched in a new profession. He became a runner for a bookie at a small delicatessen on 46th Street. This was a turning point in his career and perhaps the most formative period of his life. He learned about horses; he learned about cops; he learned about pastrami and corned beef and most important, he learned that any man who tries to draw to an inside straight deserves anything that is coming to him. With his colorful speech, his robust bonhommie and his knack for spotting blue-nosed plain clothesmen trying to earn a promotion, Winnie enjoyed the good life.

He had friends, cash and an endless supply of kosher dill pickles. He lived in an atmosphere that was half cigar smoke, half carbon monoxide and he flourished like a young oak. All would of went well, as they say in Times Square, except for one thing, namely dames.

It wasn't that Winnie chased dames. It was more like what botanists call a tropism. That is, if there was a dame around and if she was between the ages of 18 and 40 and if she was between 34 and-up in the bust department and if her legs were reasonably straight and approximately of the right number, Winnie just naturally inclined in her direction. It was like a flower bending around a subway turnstile to reach the sun — unconscious, automatic and, for a guy who was slow on his feet, amazingly swift. Moreover, to be accurate, it was not always that Winnie inclined in the direction of dames; as often as not, they inclined toward him.

There were waitresses, hat-check girls, chorines, out-of-town visitors to Times Square, models from the garment district on Seventh Avenue, one policewoman who spent half the evening trying to persuade Winnie to go to the Delehanty Institute and prepare for the police exams and the remainder of the evening declaring that she never knew that crime could be so much fun and that if Winnie didn't stop doing what he was doing, she would scream but please don't stop.

And all the while that Winnie was master of the intimate revels at his tiny theatrical hotel, he never knew, never cared, never even uttered that most highly fissionable of all words — love. Horses were horses, cards were cards and women were "coffee pots" in Winnie's world. There was nothing sadistic about his attitude, he was not callous nor contemptuous, simply matter-of-fact. A woman was a coffee pot, something to be filled, heated, emptied. She gave comfort, stimulation, warmth and she got messy if left sitting around too long.

If Winnie had heard of Freud he couldn't have pronounced the name, and even if he could have, he would have been astonished to learn that his use of the term, "coffee pot," would have elicited a benign chuckle from the scientist and a triple-A

rating in matters of the psychology of sex.

As for the psychology of sex, Winnie was too busy with the technology of sex and the basic laws of supply and demand, to bother with complexes. As for the term, love, on the rare occasions when he found himself cornered in a strange apartment, Winnie would say, not without feeling, "Look, doll, don't be bending my ear with that con. Now be a nice little coffee pot and get up and get that package of butts off the dresser or do you want I should belt you around a little?"

It was around the time of his 33rd birthday, however, that Winnie's life underwent a marked change. He got picked up by a syndicate. The Galaxy Management Corporation with offices on 49th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, was, as it was represented to be, a real estate management firm with a sackful of the choicest of midtown deeds. It was also, explained Roger Cavanagh, while sitting on the terrace of his East River apartment, dabbling in what we might call the entertainment business.

"Pin balls, juke or do you mean slots?" asked Winnie cautiously.

"Don't be a jerk," said the faultlessly dressed Cavanagh, crossing one Italian shod foot over the other, "I'm talking about action. Big action. Don't ever let me hear you mention that word slots again. Now listen carefully, while I explain."

Winnie listened and Cavanagh explained and from that moment on Winnie's education moved quickly from the sophomore to the post graduate stage. The organization was magically simple. Galaxy Management Corporation had the one thing that gamblers in New York needed, premises — a place to gamble. In nearly a dozen apartment buildings scattered throughout the city there were large suites given over entirely to dice, cards, roulette. The owners or lessors of the apartments were respectable people of considerable means, devoted to nightly entertainments of from twenty to

by BYRON WORTH

thirty friends and careful to remember the doorman and elevator operators on all the conventional holidays.

The only connection these establishments had with Galaxy Management—officially, that is—was that they paid their rent each month. Should one of these suites be raided, Roger Cavanagh, as president of Galaxy would be properly distressed and zealous in his reassurances to the District Attorney. It was as simple as that. "We were practically forced into it," Cavanagh explained, "what with taxes the way they are, a good real estate operator is forced to go after new business."

"We do have to control the operation, of course," he added, "and that's where you'll come in. I've got half a dozen lads working for me, making collections, looking things over, seeing that everything is on the up and up. You'll start with five bills a week. And notice I said start. Don't get hungry too fast. We don't like that. You'll get fed plenty as time goes by. Don't make any mistakes. Drop around to my office tomorrow morning and I'll send you to my tailor."

Winnie went straight home that night and for once, perhaps the first time in six months, went to bed alone. He had a lot to think about and a lot to learn.

Now, at age 35, Winnie was learning to modulate a voice which, only two years before had been described by experts as, "when he opens it, that big bazoo of his, it sounds like the Bronx Express going past 23rd Street station at 4 a.m. with an Irish brogue yet." He kept his bazoo shut more often than open and maintained it at half-throttle.

His clothes, which only a few years earlier, had been known to excite comment among foreign visitors to Times Square, and which had been the subject of at least one deadly earnest monograph in *The Journal of Modern Anthropology*, were now excruciatingly correct. Where once nude maidens with se-



quined navels danced in a light but constant rain of cigar ash, now only the smallest of polka dots remained. Where once chalk stripes fanned out over his broad—and padded—shoulders like a garden trellis, the crisp, unpatterned worsted now reigned in its stead.

It didn't take him long to discover, however, that life in the silent elevators, the breeze-swept terraces and the pastel carpeted salons of midtown Manhattan was infinitely more beguiling than it had been in the sooty, sauerkraut-smelling precincts of Times Square. Pleasant it was and complicated. There were forms to be filled out, bookkeeping to do, receipts to be entered, and all of it in code. There were reports, and bank deposits and regular hours.

But more than that, there was a whole new language to be learned and a new standard of behavior as well.

Lushing was out. "If you want to tic one on," said Cavanagh tartly, the first time Winnie reported in with a hangover, "I'll give you a three-day vacation, but one more drink on the job and you're through."

Horse-play was out too, as was any other expression of Winnie's eternally high spirits. No hot-foots. No dropping ice cubes down broads' backs. No dirty stories told in full voice. In fact, no full voice. Winnie learned to wind his way past silken divans and brocaded alcoves like a well-tailored panther on the prowl. He was a dapper presence, starched,

—turn the page

BUSINESS, from page 25

suave, shiny of cheek and, for the first time in a decade, clear of eyeball. But he never quite lost his air of the asphalt jungle, that faint flavor of animal vigilance, and he managed to wear his grey flannel suit a little like a leopard skin.

Naturally, this feral quality, this air of the recently gentled savage, with its implied menace, was not altogether lost on the ladies who frequented these hushed soirees. Married or single, often bored with their mates or lovers and sharing in common with all gamblers, a deep-seated desire to do themselves harm, they swam into Winnie's orbit like perfumed asteroids hell-bent for collision.

The first time that Winnie found himself in the back of a Cadillac limousine with a 35-year-old matron who was celebrating having just got the kids off to camp, he experienced a frontal attack that left him a little dazed and minus three buttons of his expensive shirt.

"But Mrs. Van Cortlandt," Winnie remonstrated gently, still using the terms of his new environment, "I think we should wait at least until the car turns East on 72nd Street, which it is a much more discreet neighborhood, if you catch my drift."

"I want to devour you, you thick-necked bastard," Mrs. Van Cortlandt growled and she proceeded to do just that, two blocks south of 72nd Street and once again on the Saw Mill River Parkway. In the next twelve hours, Winnie learned that life in Chappaqua could provide certain amorous refinements that the Hotel Anzac had never known.

The matrons, especially those still living with their husbands, Winnie learned to handle with particular care. Hell, he learned, hath no fury like a matron unfulfilled and he did not engage in sport with any of these until he had first checked the location of the husband and the importance of his patronage with Roger Cavanagh's well-documented files. And second, he was careful to arm himself before the encounter with a good ten hours' sleep.

Younger women, he discovered, were more easily dealt with and he became quite adept at a kind of radar-interception of the true topography of these willowy young females, so that their costly gowns, carefully architected grassieres and foundation garments, might have been so much plexi-glass. He yielded his reluctant attentions only to those women who, he was sure, would stiffen at a touch, quiver at a second, and moan with the application

of gentle pressure where pressure felt best.

There was one female, or rather there were two, since the woman in question had a mother in nearly-constant attendance, who caused Winnie's nostrils to dilate with an unusual flare. Her name was Marly and her last name might just as well have been anathema; it was in fact, Cavanagh. Tall, full bosomed, with hair so black that it gave off purple shadows and skin so creamy smooth and taut that it fitted her like the skin of an egg, Marly's grey-green eyes met Winnie's almost at level and her glance was hotter than English mustard.

She was young, barely 21, and the first time they met, at a small party given by Cavanagh in his penthouse for "the family and a few friends," Winnie found himself hopelessly enmeshed. Marly had long "wanted to meet Mr. O'Leary, about whom her husband Roger had said so many nice things and about whom I have heard so many nice things from various women, but different things."

"I'm sure you don't believe any of it," said Winnie lamely, conscious that he was having the heel-sweats, and trying his best to lift his gaze from the incredibly deep and snowy valley starting an inch or two below Marly's throat and disappearing eventually beneath a surging sheath of black linen. His predicament was that, if he raised his eyes, he encountered her full, moist lips, and above them, her narrowing hungry eyes. If he looked past her head he met Roger's gaze and if he averted his glance to the other side, he met the frankly amused stare of the bosomy bleached blonde, surely not more than 40, who was Marly's mother. Sweating, uneasy, conscious of too much light, Winnie felt, for the first time in his life, like one of those hand-painted baby turtles in an aquarium tank on Times Square.

The following day, his predicament took on a more perilous nature. Answering his telephone, he discovered it was Marly and would he mind, "now that we're all friends of the family, coming over to this apartment"—she gave him the address—"and helping her move a few odds and ends that a friend had left behind?"

"Well, uh, no," he didn't mind, exactly, "it's just that, uh, well . . ."

"I'm not taking you away from anything important am I?" Marly queried, her voice slightly amused and distinctly ominous.

"I'll be there in five," said Winnie. When he hung up the telephone he was aware that his upper lip was

damp and that the back of his hand was shining wet. He dressed carefully, wondering how his two hundred dollar suit would look encased in a barrel of wet cement.

Marly swung the door open at his knock and Winnie was not at all happy to see that she was wearing a thin shirt tied tightly under her breasts so that she seemed to be carrying two large and tender fruit suspended in cheese cloth. Her creamy midriff was bare and she wore a pair of white silk toreador pants so tight that they encased her long thighs like a kid glove.

Smiling at his stare, Marly moved close to him, overpowering him with the scent of rich perfume coming from her bosom and the deeper, more maddening scent of a female in rut. "If you're going to help me," she said, "you'd better let me remove your coat." While Winnie's coat was still slipping to the floor, her quick fingers were sliding at the silk of his tie and before he could remonstrate, she had opened the buttons of his shirt. He could feel her fingers fanning out over his chest, clawing, caressing his flesh. Then it was too much, suddenly it was too much. Winnie pulled her roughly to him, felt the incredible cushion of her tightly wrapped breasts against his bare chest, felt her flexible body arch toward him, felt the grinding circle of her hips and thighs as she moved sideways, forcing herself against him. Pulling her hair roughly, he turned her lips up to his, met her hot searching tongue with his and then carried her to the bed.

For a long time they didn't talk. Winnie found himself wanting to make love to her harder, more often, more savagely than any woman he had ever known. And she helped him. "More," she cried, "again, again, I want you again." Hotly, expertly, she caressed him, drawing from him reserves of strength that had never been tapped, and when his vigor returned, she exulted proudly.

"Look at you! Oh, how wonderful. Now, now." And Winnie would make love to her again. Eventually, hours later, they lay still. And they agreed that it was unbelievable, that it had never before happened to either of them like that and that it could never happen again.

But it did happen like that the next day and the day after. If they missed a day or two, they came together like planets in explosion. Once when they had been separated for nearly a week, he went to the apartment and found that she had left the door unlatched, waiting for him. She was on the bed, nude, her hands

covering her eyes. "Don't talk," she said softly, "just lock the door, take your clothes off and hurry, oh, please hurry."

Much later, when she lay with her head resting on his shoulder, her eyes still luminous, but sated now, Winnie dared ask the question that had been troubling him. "Look, doll, I don't have to tell you what this is like. This is the end, see? But we're asking to get gunned. Roger is gonna have to find out about this, that is, if he don't already know. I been thinking maybe we better blow. I'm gonna hate to lose all this, but I don't think I'll be much good to you stiff, if you get me."

She began to laugh. "Baby," she murmured, "that's how I like you best."

He slapped her. "Come on, I'm not kidding. We gotta make plans."

Suddenly she was serious. She raised her head and looked into his eyes. "As a matter of fact, there is a problem," she answered, "but it isn't Roger. Get this, I haven't ever told anyone before—but Roger is impotent." His eyes opened wide. "That's right. He can't make it, not with me or anybody else."

"But why—?"

"He wanted a wife as an ornament. Something to give class to his business. That's me. And you know where I got it? From my old lady, that's who. And you know where she got it? From her high class customers, that's who. My old lady is a call girl. She had me when she was seventeen and she brought me up in a convent. Wait a minute. Don't get any ideas. I never peddled it. But I know all the tricks."

"Honey," Winnie agreed, "you sure as hell do. But I don't get it; you mean Roger don't care what you do or who you . . ."

"No, he doesn't," she said, lighting a cigaret, "not as long as I keep it quiet. But you know who cares?" She paused. "The old lady."

"What?"

"She's jealous. Now how's that for a story? She's jealous and she's bugging me. About you. Now figure that one out."

Winnie lay there a little stunned. Marly's mother, Evalyn, the bleached blonde he had met at the party, had been more than cordial the last time they'd met. But Winnie had passed it off. He told himself that she was just loaded and not really on the make. Now, he realized he'd underestimated her, and what's more, he had probably angered her.

"Phew!" he said at last. "This is a situation. Maybe we oughtta do

like I said. Blow. No questions, no nothin', just blow."

"And what do we live on," said Marly evenly.

"That's something I don't like to think about," said Winnie, "let me do some more thinking. With clothes on, that is. I'd better get over to the store."

Winnie didn't go straight back to the "store." Instead, he went over to a little cafe near Stillman's gym and when his eyes got used to the darkness, he made out a dim outline of a head and shoulders of a man in a deep, beery sleep. He lifted the copy of the Morning Telegraph from the man's face and shook the form into a semblance of life.

"Schloim" said Winnie urgently, "Schloim, wake up, I want you should listen to me."

"So put back the newspaper," Schloim growled, "I'll listen a little."

Winnie told him the story and when he had finished, Schloim lifted up one corner of the newspaper and said briefly, "You want my advice: fix up the old broad."

"But what about Marly, for God's sakes, she'd kill me if—"

"Now I'm gonna tell ya somcpin' else you don't know," Schloim crackled from beneath the paper,

"the old broad has the whole business in her name. Cavanagh signed everything over to her in case he should get like sued or have to take a rap. You get it? So the old lady has the whole works in her mitt and if she wants to, she can get rid o' you or the daughter. She can even git rid o' Cavanagh. Now howddya like them apples?"

"You mean the old broad is like — what do they call it — the power behind the t'rone?"

"What t'rone!" said Schloimey in disgust, "she's holdin' two pair, all aces, now you want I should spell it out for ya? Like I said, be nice to her. Now let me sleep."

That evening Winnie made the rounds of several of Cavanagh's establishments before he found Evalyn mingling with the guests. She was tall, not quite so tall as Marly, and a little heavier, but still good looking in her white silk evening gown. He approached her at one of the tables and made his voice extra jovial to cover the nervousness he felt.

"You never looked better, Evalyn," he said, "how's your luck this evening?"

She turned toward him and looked at him through heavily

— turn to page 59

sir Knight



"Now, honey . . . now!"

WILD CHERIE





This Green-Eyed Blonde from Strauss' *Danube* Has Stood Europe on End with a Minsky Beat!



RIGHT UP UNTIL a season or so back, the ecdysiast art was strictly an American cultural development. European impresarios were forced to import their strippers from the burlesque palaces of the Forty-eight States or make do with inferior domestic products.

But the Old World now has at last begun to develop its own expert artistes. To date, the most sensational is Caroline Cherie, the sinuously exotic charmer who does her stuff on these pages.



This ravishing wild Cherie is only 20 years old and was born in Vienna, home of the romantic waltzes of Johann Strauss. But since she began exposing her beautiful flesh in the most alluring possible way, two years ago, Cherie has been rolling and bumping and jumping and grinding to the driving jazz beat more familiar to the western shores of the Atlantic. A ballet student from the age of 9, a ballerina at 14, this fascinating green-eyed blonde with the 39-24-35 tapes, forsook tutu and toe-dance for the "take-it-off" routine in a Paris debut that had the entire Left Bank rocking and rolling with cries of "*Bis, bis!*", "*Bravo!*" and "*Encore!*"

Currently starring in a Roman cabaret during a tour of Europe that looks as if it would never end, Caroline likes to sleep until late afternoon, breakfasts at sunset, spends her early evenings rehearsing, trying on new costumes and just "puttering around". Her work-day begins at 9:30 p.m. and she calls it quits after three shows about 3 in the morning.

When it comes to men, Cherie is on record as liking only those who are kind, gentle, intelligent and possessed of *savoir faire* — a Gallic version of poise. Right now, SIR KNIGHT is searching frantically for a transfusion of Mickey Mouse blood, a few ounces of brains, and a vintage bottle of poise!



That's about the way it went until we both had a couple under our belts. Then I caught her looking at me, and she didn't look away. She said, talking very slowly and distinctly, as if she was afraid the liquor might trip her tongue, "For a guy with a Valentino puss, Dave, you're a pretty nice character."

"Stop insulting me," I said.

"No . . . I mean it." She leaned forward, and I pulled my eyes back in their sockets before they fell into the front of that wide, low-cut dress with nothing but Gloria underneath. "Look . . . we've both been around. Outside of the fact you're a man, and I'm a woman . . ."

I tossed in a fast, "Praise Allah!", and drew a quick double-stab from beneath the mascara.

". . . outside of that," she went on, "we're both after the same thing, or we wouldn't be out here. Funny, I never really let myself notice you before. You know what it's like in Hollywood for a girl like me . . . I don't have time to fool around." She ran the tip of a pink little tongue over those full, lovely lips, and frowned. "It's crazy," she added, more to herself than to me. "It never occurred to me you could be kind."

"How about you, toots?" I asked her blunt-like. "Don't you ever give a little?"

"I . . . don't . . . know," she said, slowing down some more, and with her face all screwed up. "How would I know whether I do something just because it's decent or because I figure it may pay me a dividend?"

I mixed us another drink, while she worked it out. Then she said, "I'm scared, Dave. I've been scared ever since Linda didn't come back. You read about things like that in the paper, but you never think they'll come close to you. When I saw Shotsey in the window, I panicked and ran. If you hadn't turned up when you did, I'd probably have made a fool of myself and yelled copper."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

She shrugged. "My agent would kill me," she said. "He thinks Linda's hurt me enough as it is, getting me mixed up with that kind of a mess. "Funny," she went on about her agent, "Max is real wonderful to his kids, too."

"They're all alike," I told her. "Mine just killed me off this afternoon. Right before I met you."

"What'd he do?" she asked, leaning forward to reach for a cigarette and bringing on more eyeball

trouble.

"He only counted me out," I told her. "It seems I'm too good looking for acting jobs nowadays. All they want are beat-up types."

"Yeah," she said, soft and low, looking at me. "Yeah, I guess maybe he's right. The kicks are not running your way at all now. A dirty shame."

"That's one thing you don't have to worry about," I told her. "What you've got, darling, is always in style."

"That's what's wrong," she said. "Too many women have it. That's what makes it so Goddam tough. That's why a sweet kid like Linda had to grab everything that came along, until this bastard got her. I wish to hell the cops would latch onto him. I get sick every time I think about it."

She sat there brooding, and then she looked up at me and pushed back her silver-blonde hair and said, "Jesus, Dave! It's hot in here."

Then, so help me, she stood up and took off her dress, like a snake shedding its skin. All she had on underneath was a tiny bit of something it didn't need an X-ray to see right through. I fought the good fight and stayed where I was, in the arm-chair across the coffee table from her, and said, "Don't trade on this kindness of mine too far. I'm not made of asbestos."

I let the eyeballs do what they wanted, and they were roving that sleek, satin-smooth, suntanned body, with its clean, long legs and perfect circle of hips, and the waist that didn't need a girdle, and those beautiful, coral-tipped breasts that seemed to have lives of their own. I never knew a pair of eyeballs could get so hungry.

She said, "I'm not here to trade, Dave. I'm all shook up. I got to have release."

"Maybe it's lucky for you I happened to come along," I said and wanted to bite out my tongue. This was a hell of a time for my Smithfield ego to assert itself.

But she took it great. All she said was, "Maybe it's lucky for both of us."

"Okay." I stood up. "Maybe I better summon Mr. Murphy."

Mr. Murphy came popping out of the closet like he was wearing running pants and ready for the Olympic sprints. When I was down to nothing, she stood up and slipped her transparent panties off and dropped them on the back of the sofa. I gestured toward the waiting bed and said, "After you,

madam."

It was real crazy. At first, it was just like she said she wanted. Calisthenics guaranteed to relieve over-tired nerves. But it didn't stay that way long.

About ten minutes after she slipped into my arms and offered me her lips, we were both crazy in love with each other. I didn't have to say a word, and neither did she. Our bodies did all the talking either of us needed. That was all it took to turn a couple of beat-up hard-shells like us into a couple of kids.

I don't guess I have to go into any more detail about the kind of a night it turned into. Some of you may have been there, if you were real wild lucky. If you haven't you've dreamed about it. Anyway, there's no language for what happened. It was a real seven-alarm fire.

I found out a lot about Gloria when we weren't too busy to talk. She told me about her mother bringing her up for just one thing — to be a picture star. She told me about the high-school kid at Laguna, and what her mother had done to both of them when she caught them together one Sunday afternoon.

"After that," Gloria whispered, "I never dared let go, not with anybody. I didn't even know what it was like — what it could be like — not really. Darling, you have beau-

— turn to page 32

sir Knight



"No, they're not coconuts . . . say, how long have you been here anyway?"

BODY, from page 31

tiful lips. I want to kiss them again."

I didn't say no...

The next day was Saturday, but we woke up early and hung around in bed together an hour or so, laughing and talking and, when either of us felt like it, making love. Then we decided to go to the beach ahead of the crowd. By this time, Gloria had decided she must have been imagining things when she saw Shotsey looking in through the kitchen window.

"It was probably just any old cat," she said, pushing back her hair. "Well, if we're going swimming, I've got to get a bathing suit."

The sun was shining the way it does in the morning of an August day in Southern California, and her little house, behind the big one, looked about as sinister as a row of hollihocks. I went along with her, because I didn't want to be away from her, even for an instant, and she was feeling the same way. She leaned her head back to kiss me as she got the key in the front door lock and turned it...

The moment she stepped inside, and got three steps across the tiny living room, she turned to marble. She didn't speak, she didn't move, she didn't breathe. I bumped into her from behind, and it was like she was suddenly carved out of ice. My beautiful, vibrant love had turned into a beautiful, unvibrant statue.

sir Knight



"Well, if you're sure it's not habit-forming."

I didn't get it at first, and then I saw a flicker of movement in the far door. A cat stepped out daintily, an orange-haired cat with a damaged left ear. Its fur wasn't matted, but was still dark and shining from a recent thorough tonguing. It came up to Gloria, looked briefly at me, dismissed me and chirruped the way cats will with people they know and like. Then it began to purr and rub itself against Gloria's legs, looking up at her lovingly.

At the first touch of the creature, I felt Gloria begin to tremble violently, so violently I thought she was going to have a fit. I put my hands on her upper arms and held her and said, "Take it easy, honey. Shotsey's back, that's all."

She half-turned, and her eyes were twice as big as normal. She said, unsteady, "Don't you see, Dave? There was no way for Shotsey to get in unless..."

"Call the cops," I told her. "To hell with your agent."

"Dave . . . !" she cried, but I just pointed toward the phone. Maybe the way I handled it was goofy, but I never have been able to stand still when there's trouble in view. If I stand still, I start thinking, and if I start thinking, my imagination gets jumping, and if my imagination gets jumping, I panic. And I wasn't going to panic then—not in front of Gloria. A ham is a ham, I guess, even when it's for real.

There was nothing in the kitchen, but the back door was open. I picked up a vodka bottle that was standing, three-quarters full, on the drainboard by the sink and got back to the living room quick. Gloria was okay. She was dialing the phone. She looked up, and her mouth opened, but I motioned her to keep shut and made my legs move some more.

The only other room in the little house was the bedroom. Linda's body was there—at least a body was there, and it was a girl. She was nude, lying half on the bed, half on the floor, and there was no doubt about her being dead. I've seen some bloody messes—in the Navy and in a couple of car crashes but I never saw one like this. Every inch of her body that wasn't black and blue was bright red with blood. It looked like somebody had spilled a can of paint over her, and the fact that it was still bright red should have been the tipoff for me to be on my toes.

But I had to look at her feet, and the carpet, where some torn fragments of cloth were scattered about—what had been her clothing, I

guessed. But it wasn't the rags that caught me—it was the chain, the thin, strong, stainless steel chain, that picked up and reflected the sunlight where it wasn't covered with blood. It ended well across the room, and was attached by a metal cuff to one of her ankles. I stood there, gaping at it, trying to make sense out of it.

He made some sort of noise as he pushed out of the closet half behind me—some rustle or breath that got through to me. But I was late in swinging around. He had another hunk of steel chain in his hand, and he was bringing it down on my head. I got the bottle up, but it cut right through it with a cracking, slurping noise. Then it caught me right across the face, and I could feel something go crunch in my nose. Luckily, it missed my eyes, or I'd have been out of action but good.

There was one of those suspended moments then. I looked at him, and he seemed to move in slow motion as he lifted the chain to give me another blow with those cruel links. He was a crazy looking goof—one of those crew-cut oddballs you see hanging around on the loose in every city and every town. He was wearing blue denims and a bright blue shirt, splotched dark with blood. He wasn't bad looking, just oddball, and he was frowning like a guy trying to read fine print when he needs glasses.

Then Gloria screamed from the next room, and the pace picked up. I didn't act bravely, like the news stories said later, I just let instinct take over and run the show. Hell, if I'd tried to think it out, I wouldn't be here telling you this. I knew I couldn't take another wallop from that chain, and I just brought up my hand—the one holding what was left of the vodka bottle—and pushed it into that oddball face.

I must have pushed harder than I thought, because the jagged glass bit right into his flesh like it was cream cheese. He brought the chain down, but I took it on the left shoulder and kept on pushing the bottle into his face. He dropped the chain and screamed and tried to bat me away with both hands, so I kicked hell out of what he wasn't guarding. If he'd been a football, he'd have gone fifty yards. As it was, the wall stopped him.

He was still lying there, moaning and screaming, when the cops got there. Gloria was crying and trying to give my face first aid. It seems he laid open one of my cheekbones with that damned chain, as well as

busted my beak. Anyway, Gloria and I didn't get to go to the beach — not that Saturday.

You probably read the rest in the papers — enough of them ran it; and this bastard Corey Dean — that was his name — really sang when they got him downtown. He was one of those borderline cases that went unhinged over the idea of having a slave — a nice, soft, female slave with the right measurements. He'd been following girls around for weeks in Hollywood, and picked on Gloria and Linda. It was Linda's bad luck she was the first he found alone; also, that she was so crazy for a break she fell for his phony pinup-photographer pitch.

Dean took her up to a shack he had in the mountains and kept her there on that chain. I don't even want to think about what he did to her there, during all those weeks, but she was smart enough to figure he might kill her any minute. So she cooked up a story about having some dough stashed in her bedroom where only she could find it. He brought a half-dead Linda in the night before, and the cat got away. They were in the garden when Gloria came home and she scared him off, and they drove around all night.

Finally, when he got back and found the place empty, just before dawn, he crashed it with Linda's key. The poor kid had figured on getting clear of him somehow, once he brought her into town, but now she was in a worse spot than ever. When she didn't come up with the dough, he beat her to death — and then he hung around, still trying to find it. That's what he was doing when we came in.

No, they won't give him the gas chamber — he's set to spend the rest of his life in a state loony-bin. He's only got one eye now, and his face is messed up, but that shouldn't bother him much where he is.

As for me, it turned out to be quite a break. I had to battle to keep them from straightening my busted beak at the hospital, but I made it stick, and it's lovely and crooked now. With the scar on my cheek, I've been turned into a sinister figure, and that, plus all the hero-stuff have meant plenty of parts.

Gloria's staying home now. Any man who marries an actress is nuts, and they tell me I'm still eminently sane. Besides, somebody's got to stay with Shotsey . . . he's had a hard time, too.

BOUQUET

by THOMAS R. FULLER

The sad
comeuppance
of a very, very
tight fellow



GEORGE CLAYTON was a typical young man of inherited wealth. Reared on great country estates, city mansions and on huge cruising yachts, surrounded by governesses and armed guards, educated by tutors and private athletic trainers, he was a man of exquisite taste with fantastic respect for money. He would spend hundreds of dollars to import genuine Siberian ptarmigan or Chinese shark's fins for his table, thousands for rare vintage wines and brandies reposing in his cellar, tens of thousands for the exact masterpiece or painting or sculpture he wished to adorn a certain corner of any of his many homes.

Yet, he would give way to fury over loss of a few paltry dollars at the card table of his club, and would discharge without recommendation any servant he so much as suspected of cheating him of a single penny or bit of food. "My ancestors didn't assemble my fortune by giving money away," he would intone sententiously when queried or joshed about his parsimoniousness. "And I do not intend to squander what they have entrusted to my hands."

It is hardly remarkable that such a young man should be seldom asked out to dine, which troubled him not at all. In many ways, he preferred eating at home, at his own table, of food prepared by his own chef, Murphy, perhaps the one man he trusted. Still, life as he lived it could be lonely at times, and he was grateful when Gloria Fell began to occupy an increasing place in it.

Gloria was not only beautiful and, in her own arrogant way, fond of sex as well as of George — she was almost as rich as he was, which precluded the usual worry as to mercenary motives. More important, she was just as close with a buck. It was while they were dining *a deux* in his greystone city mansion, that she first voiced suspicion of Murphy.

"I think you trust him entirely too much, darling," she told him over the sweetbreads on brochette hollandaise.

He looked at her in mild surprise. "What causes you to say that?" he

inquired.

She frowned and replied, "You know that bottle of special sherry you showed me last week. Well, I looked at it in the sideboard just now before dinner, and it is at least a half inch lower."

"Hmmm," he said, matching her frown. "I haven't tasted it in a fortnight. Are you sure?"

"See for yourself," she suggested.

Having confirmed the diminution in the bottle, he said, "Dammit it, dear, you're right, of course. But what am I to do? I can't just discharge Murphy. He's entirely too good a cook, and he knows how to prepare the dishes I like exactly as I like them. What am I to do?"

"Teach him a lesson," said Gloria firmly. "One that he won't forget."

"Go on, dear," he prompted as she paused.

"It's not exactly table-talk," she said, "what I have in mind. But you could stop his thieving forever by putting part of a specimen in the sherry — you know the sort of specimen I mean, the sort you take to your doctor in a bottle." She blushed.

George Clayton rarely laughed, but this was an occasion for mirth. He laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks and, at last, Gloria joined him. "I'll do it, dear!" he gasped when he could speak.

A week later, when Gloria came again for dinner, she asked him if he had carried out her suggestion. He finished the last of the turtle soup that was a regular portion of his nightly meal and rose, his pale eyes sparkling. Fetching the special sherry from the sideboard, he showed her that it was an inch lower than the week before, despite the addition he had made.

Then he summoned Murphy and said to him, "Murphy, I'm aware that you have been raiding my special bottle."

"Yes, sir," said the cook unperturbed.

"May I ask what you've been doing with its contents?" George asked softly.

"Why, sir," replied the servant stoutly, "I've been using it to flavor your soup."







KNIGHT'S Lady Fair



KNIGHT's Lady Fair

The improbable Mr. Flinders,
Sir Knight's naive buffoon, once again
suffers visions of grandeur

DUTIFUL DREAMER

by W. B. BURTON

THE GIRL NEXT door finally convinced me that Sex was here to stay. I can't remember how old I was when she talked me into it, but old enough at least to do the right thing. We made a bargain. She agreed not to pull down her shades at night if I'd agree to — that is, I promised that I'd . . . ah . . . lessee . . . how *did* that go anyhow? Well, I don't remember the minute details, but I do remember that she always left her shades up.

From then on, women have always fascinated me. Their fabulous figures send me off the deep end every time. I love 'em! I even love the fabulous engineering that makes those . . . fabulous figures possible. Think how loose our civilization would be today if some smart cookie hadn't thought up the two-way stretch!

Women!! Boy-oh-boy! What dolls I notice walkin' down the street these days. Dolls I'd love to eat with, sleep with, shower with, walk with, talk with, sleep with, drink with, undress with, sleep with — oh, I could go on and on! I've had these things — (and more!) — in mind for years, but somehow, I've never quite been able to arrange the details. Those gorgeous dolls can have anything I've got!

Trouble is: I haven't got anything any of 'em seem to want! It's hard to figure — see? — just what it is with me. I'm an ordinary jerk, all right — nothin' much to look at, no dough; old, beat-up car, stuff like that there; and I guess there's plenty times when I got two left



feet or all thumbs, or whatever — but wouldn't you think the law of averages would take care of me? After all, I do have just the one head. Why can't some dame settle for that?

Maybe what my old buddy told me one day on Okinawa's got something to do with my problem:

"Flinders," he says, real sincere-like, "you got no reason to be so touchy. Quit moanin'. The Sarge didn't call you no S.O.B."

"Git lost," I snarls, grouchy as hell.

"Aw Flinders," he goes on, "wise up! You got the Sarge all wrong. He didn't say you was an S.O.B. He says you're an S.L.O.B."

That brackets me, I guess, right from then on. Old Vernon W. Flinders, Slob, 1st class. I even checked my discharge papers lately to see if they says Sfc. or Pfc.

Yeh, women are wonderful all

right. I just wish I could get me a good hold on one. Just one. I'd be a different guy. Jeez, there was one, though . . . I never will forget. Must have been six, seven months ago, I noticed her in the French Grotto — my favorite bistro, where I get my mail and stuff — long about 9:30 one night. She walks by me in a real tight sweater and a skirt that flared from hell to breakfast. She was wearin' those high heels and real tight, tight hose that go clear up as far as possible! MMmmbooy! I about fell off my stool. She goes to a little booth all by herself and orders a screwdriver.

"Holy Toledo!" I gasp into my beer when Louie comes back from bringin' her her screwdriver. "Who — but WHO — is that swish dish?"

Louie leans over the bar, real confidential.

"Look, Flinders," he says, lowering his voice to a shout, "you look

Pepper yanked the shower curtain open, Maybelle screamed, and Flinders went limp.



healthy enough to me. Not very bright, but real healthy. Why don't you wanna stay that way?"

"Oh, stop with that livin' dangerous stuff, Louie!" I argue.

"All I'm askin' yuh is who—**BUT WHO**—is that pale frail? And keep your voice down. You ain't callin' trains!"

Louie shook his head sadly.

"This'll kill yuh, Flinders," he warns, "but you ast fer it!"

"Well clue me in, buster," I tell him, taking a firmer grip on my lager.

"That, Flinders, believe it or not, is none other than the new Mrs. Prindle!"

This knocks my beer right off the bar.

"You slob!" Louie growls, reaching for his wet towel.

I'm livid.

"You don't mean—Louie, you CAN'T mean—old Pepperpot Prin-

dle!"

"Who else?" Louie wants to know, drawing me a tall one.

"Old Pepperpot married to a—to a mermaid like that just ain't—just ain't—well it ain't seaworthy, Louie!"

Louie snorts.

"Seaworthy!" he mutters. "May not be seaworthy, but if you was to ask me, Admiral, I'd say she was plenty nautical!"

I snickered at that one.

"I see what you mean, Louie! In fact, I got a lot of nautical ideas about that mermaid right now!"

Louie guffawed, and then he says, leaning over the bar, "You got to hand it to old Pepperpot. He may have a quick temper but he don't stay mad very long. And anyhow, he probably plucked this tulip in one of his more mellow moments."

This is too much.

"Mellow-schmellow," I chirp, get-

ting off my stool, "when did you ever see anything mellow in old Pepperpot?"

"Is that a fair question?" Louie wants to know, mixing another screwdriver. "When would old Pepperpot have any reason to be mellow with me—or even you?"

I like that "even" stuck in there. I should buy Louie's beer and endure his insinuations free, huh?

"You fracture me, Louie!" I declaim.

He didn't even hear me.

"But for her," Louie goes on, looking like a dying calf as he sets the screwdriver on his snazziest tray (the one with only two rusty spots) "old Pepperpot could be mellow all day!"

"All day—all night—Pepperpot!" I warble, walking out reluctantly, to the tune of "MARY ANN".

—turn the page

I'M IN THERE the next night all right—right on time! At 9:30 on the dot who should come slinking through the door but the new Mrs. Prindle—lusty, busty and swinging the curviest pair of hips I've ever clamped these two watery orbs onto. Gadzooks! What a livin' doll!!!

There was a sparkle to her blue eyes I've never seen in any other female, so help me! There was a line to her jaw and a curve to her mouth—the full, red, shiny, pouting kind that I can NEVER get enough of (in fact, I can never get ANY, let alone enough!) — and something real suggestive about the way she's built—for just one thing, that is! — that left me hanging on to my beer with both hands!

Louie gave her one screwdriver. Then he gave her the second. After she'd had four I come up with this terrific gag I heard one night on Okinawa:

"How much does it take to make you dizzy?" I croak, giving her my gladdest eye.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she quips right back. "And my name isn't dizzy—it's Daisy!" (She knew the gag too, it seemed!)

"And while I think of it Mac," she goes on, giving me the ice, "why don't you get lost?"

When she went out, I says to Louie, "Where's old Pepperpot these days?"

"Why," Louis says, "I thought you knew. Pepperpot's gone to Narragansett on a big deal. Been gone three days now."

"Big deal, McNeil!" I snort, blowing froth that drapes Louie's left ear.

"You slob!" he complains, and wipes his face with that wet towel. "Old Pepperpot had a dream last week about the races, and being a man of pers—perspic—being a man of good old common sense when it comes to horses, he's went up to Narragansett to latch on to some of that lettuce at the Parimutuel."

By this time I'm leaning on the bar. "This is on the level?" I want to know.

"Like I said, Flinders," Louie goes on, wiping the bar, "Pepperpot had this dream about a jockey friend of his bringin' in a long shot, and he's gone up to make a killin'".

"Guy must be crackers!" I complain, sliding off the stool.

"Never think it, Flinders!" Louie warns me. "Any jerk who could commit matrimony with the current Mrs. Prindle must have more than

his share of marbles if y'ask me! And everybody knows old Pepperpot believes in dreams. I've never known him to put off acting on any tip he gets in a dream. He's made plenty, that way."

"Bags or nags?" I want to know.

"Both!" snaps Louie, and we part friendly-like.

I WOULDN'T'VE gone back to the Grotto the next night except for one thing. I had me a dream! Holy Toledo! I practically never dream, but when I do—hang on to your hat! After what I saw of Mrs. Prindle in that dream, I just had to go back one more time.

My dream must've gone on all night, because when I wake up I'm so limp I can't get out of bed. My motor's still racing and I just lay there beat and try to remember all the different things she let me do—in my dream, that is! I could remember kissing her ear, and how she sort of nibbled playful-like at mine. Jeez, how that made me tingle! I kissed her cheek, I kissed her mouth—real hard, too! — and she let me kiss her bare, white shoulders, while I was fumbling with the front of that practically transparent dress she was wearing. Wow!

I could even hear her giggle when I fumbled and fumbled with her bra—trying to unfasten it. Somehow, I couldn't seem to figure out the combination. Must've been one of those trick things I wasn't used to.

(Let's face it: I'm not used to ANY of 'em—trick, plain, or otherwise. That's why I always seem to be mostly thumbs!)

Finally she gives me a clue. The darn thing opens in front, it seems. It's new, see, and the hooks are real tight. Then, too, she has it cram full—if you get the drift. I finally give a mighty heave to unhook the contraption and of course it gives way suddenly. Result: my fingernails make a big scratch right between her—ah, right in the middle of—it's right where both—oh, hell,—it made a big scratch in her cleavage and she squealed.

All thumbs. Me, that is. I get so damned exasperated sometimes. Even in my dream, I could feel my face gettin' hot, and I mumbled and stammered and stuttered tryin' to tell her how I didn't mean to hurt her, and I was sorry, and then she kissed me and said it was O.K.—it really didn't hurt, and then she slipped out of the blasted thing, and we started out on a long, real exciting trip. Right straight to Para-

dise, that is. We stayed there quite awhile, the way it was in my dream, and took a long, leisurely round-about way back. Do you wonder my wheels are still spinning when I get awake?

It was right about here that the bell went off. I grabbed the alarm clock and threw it in the basket, but the ringing still kept up. I ran to the door and when no one was there it finally hit me all at once that it must be the phone.

"Duh-uh-hullo."

"Mr. Flinders?" It was a soft, exciting, sexy voice.

"Yeah. Flinders."

"Well, Vernon, this is Maybelle."

"Maybelle?" I croak. Who's Maybelle?

"Maybelle Prindle. We met at the French Grotto last night."

"Who you kiddin'?" I want to know. Louie pullin' my leg!

"No, really, Vernon, this IS Maybelle Prindle. I did so enjoy your gay comment last night."

"My gay what?" My face begins to burn again.

She laughed into the phone.

"Don't you remember what you said about making me dizzy? You're so droll, Vernon!"

"Droll?" This doll says I'm droll? What kinda word is that? Anything like drool? Past tense, maybe? I don't get it!

"Vernon," she goes on.

"Yeah."

"Are you going to be there tonight?"

"Be where?" I want to know. Cautious, that's old Flinders, Sfc.

"At the Grotto, silly. I want to talk to you. You were so amusing last night. And I have something verree interesting to tell you!"

Groggy, I finally come up with, "Oh, yeh—the Grotto." I can't really believe this is happening to me. She wants to tell ME something! How many screwdrivers did she finally get away with last night, anyhow? All this goes through my mind while I manage to say into the phone, "I'll be there, Maybelle. Be there, allright." And she wound up the conversation by saying, "Come right back to my booth, Vernon, and bring a tray full of screwdrivers. We'll live it up!"

She hung up and I fell off the bed into a quivering mass of incredulous reflexes.

MMmmmmboyyyyy!!

BY THAT NIGHT, I'm really ready to howl! I'm shaved right down to the quick; I'm wearing my brand-new posture-guard; my pants are pressed so tight I can hardly sit;

my shoes are blinding to the eye — and I'm for Mrs. Prindle!

At the Grotto, I order six screwdrivers and set 'em up in her cozy little booth while Louie combs his beard and looks nonchalant. In a minute, She comes in. She's wearing a lacy, filmy, black dress with a neckline that plunges clear down to where it shouldn't, the highest heels I ever saw on any frill, and those tight, tight flesh-colored hose.

When she leans over to sit in the booth I see it. That scratch! Right between her — Right where I saw it in my dream! I'm aghast! I'm livid! I sit there shaking like an aspiring and absolutely speechless. HOW — BUT HOW — could such a thing happen? How could anything so occult happen to a guy so uncouth?

Maybelle knows what I'm lookin' at. She giggles.

"Oh, Vernon," she starts off, leaning over toward me so's I can take in about two-thirds of those eye-popping bosoms, "I know what you're looking at, and that's JUST what I want to talk to you about. You'll never in this world believe it, but —."

"Duh-uh-uh," was the best I could manage at that point. I'm so weak from the effect she's already had on me in my dream, plus the tantalizing sight she keeps swingin' back and forth before my goggle-eyes that I can hardly put one word beside another.

"Vernon," she went on, toying with her screwdriver, "believe it or not — I had a dream last night!"

Bang! Crash! There went my screwdriver. All over my pressed pants. All over my gleaming shoes. All over. Period.

"Goodness! Vernon, whatever is the matter with you? What makes you so nervous?"

Holy Toledo! A dream, she says she had! If she only knew what I had — but I wouldn't dare tell a word of it!

"Louie!" I yelp.

Louie comes running with his wet towel.

"Slob!" he mumbles in my ear, and slaps the rag around on the table, my pants, shoes, the floor.

"You mean," I stuttered, when Louie was safely back behind his bar, "you had a — a *dream*?"

"Vernon, I did! I really did!" She giggled again, and laid a slim, creamy-white hand on my arm. "And Vernon, it was about you!"

"Who you kiddin'?"

"I'm not. Really. It was so real, Vernon. I could see you just as plain. I could hear your voice. Ver-

non, believe it or not, — you made love to me!"

My face was so red it began to heat up the booth. I'm not able to say a word, I'm so flabbergasted. This chick dreamin' about me! ME! Nobody but old Vernon W. Flinders, Slob, 1st Class. This is too much. I'm livid. Now how will I ever dare tell her about the dream I had? She'll never believe it now!

"Really, Vernon," she said, coyly, looking at me through her long lashes, "the things you did!"

"Aw, Maybelle. I bet you're just sayin' that!"

She leaned closer to me. She didn't give a hoot how far down I looked. Boy, did I look!

"Vernon, listen to me," she says. "Do you know how I got this scratch?" she says, pulling her neckline down even farther so's I could see more, better, and plainer.

I was afraid to ask.

"How?" I finally croaks.

"In my dream, Vernon!" she exclaims in a scary whisper. I could feel a sharp tingling all up and down my backbone like when you turn on the hot shower and it comes out ice-cold. "You were trying to — to" (she hesitates) "undress me, and when you unhooked my — when you unhooked me, your hand slipped because the hook came un-

hooked all of a sudden, and you scratched me!"

I just know I turned white. I could this be? The doll had the very ward my feet. Holy Toledo! How coul dthis be? The doll had the very same dream I did!

"I never in my life heard the like of that," I muttered into my last screwdriver. "It beats me!"

"Don't you believe about my dream, Vernon?" she says, looking a little pouty.

"Sure, baby, sure," I admit. "Who am I to doubt a word of what you say? I have dreams too, if I do say so myself." Then I wonder — how many other guys in this neck of the woods had that dream last night? The thought gives me duck-bumps.

Suddenly, another thought hits me. It's even duckier.

"Do any of your dreams ever come true?" I ask her, real sly.

"Not many," she admits, sort of wistful-like. "I'm not like my husband. He has lots of dreams and almost all of his come true!"

"Yeah?" I say, real interested.

"Of course," she goes on, taking a sip of her screwdriver, "Pepper says you have to help 'em along a little if you want 'em to come true."

"He's right, baby," I announce,

— turn to page 44



"Well, let's see what last night's boys had to say."

Italian Export!

Sophia Loren Had Best Look to
Her Laurels against the Onslaught of the Girl Next Door—
Hot Starlet Marisa Allasio!





THE BIGGEST threat to Sophia Loren's current eminence among the curvy sexpots of the Italian screen is a 19-year-old miss who not only plays soccer and has all the right things in all the right places, but lives next door to Loren on what is rapidly growing to be the most sought-after neighborhood in all of Ancient Rome.

Her greatest claim to fame to date: At least two of the "Seven Hills of Rome" which big-voiced Mario Lanza romped among in that recent Hollywood extravaganza made in Italy, belonged to the lovely Signorina Allasio.

Whereas her booming reputation before was strictly for the locals across the Atlantic, her visual impact on the American public in "Seven Hills," has established a broad new beachhead for the voluptuous young actress.

Unlike most of her sister stars and starlets from the land of *O Sole Mio*, Marisa Allasio, who also scored big recently in a screen opus entitled "*Ragazze d' Oggi*" (that means "Girls of Today" no matter what it looks like!), is from the North of Italy and has Lombard blood in her veins. This means that, instead of the dark hair and snapping black eyes America has come to expect of its *Manganos*, *Lollobrigidas* and the rest, Marisa has fair skin, honey-brown hair and hazel eyes — to say nothing of a 37-23-36 set of measurements that add up to the truly sensational.

Even more dangerous than her soccer playing talents, from the point of view of her opposition, is the fact that Marisa has talent likened to that of a very young Ingrid Bergman. Also, she speaks English effortlessly and can do a jitterbug with the best of the crazy cool cats in the U.S.A. And she comes by her soccer-playing more or less honestly, since her father was a world-famous professional player and currently has a fat coaching contract. She also scored big on a recent visit to Hollywood after "Seven Hills" was released.





Knight's Gambit

X MARKS THE SPOT

The personnel at the office party were engaged in a jolly little game entitled, "Write your own epitaph." All went along merrily until it came the turn of the ultra-sexy young blonde office receptionist.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered to the publicity man seated next to her. "I haven't an idea in my head."

"Let me write you one," said the publicist courteously, suiting action to the words and coming up with the perfect tombstone inscription for his companion.

It read, "At last, she sleeps alone!"

* * *



HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

A favored character has recently come up with a description of a pink elephant as a "beast of bourbon".

* * *

sir Knight



"Con you snap it up friend? I have the next dance!"

WANTIN' WANTON

A wanton young lady from Wimley, Reproached for not acting quite primly, Answered, "Heavens above, I know sex isn't love, But it's such an attractive facsimile!"

* * *



SWIFTY

Three undeniably aged gentlemen, whose hair, where it existed at all, was white as snow, sat on the veranda of the St. Petersburg hotel trading philosophies for the achievement of their heavy garlands of years.

Said one, "I'm eighty-seven, and I wouldn't be here today if I hadn't foreworn alcohol and tobacco in all their forms, late hours and overindulgence in sex."

"I owe my ninety-one years," said the second senile, "to a strict diet of wheat germ, nasturtium seeds, health lettuce and mother's milk."

"When I was sixteen," the third dodger mused, "my father told me that, if I really wanted to enjoy life as he had, I should smoke black cigars, drink nothing but hard liquor, eat the richest foods and carouse with at least three different women every night. And that is exactly what I have done."

"Incredible!" exploded the first oldster.

"Amazing!" caroled the second, for the third of them was obviously the most aged and decrepit of all three. "Just how old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty-two," was the reply.

* * *

COME OUT, COME OUT . . .

TOM: "How did you make out in big fight you had with your wife last night, Reuben?"

REUBEN: "Aw, she came crawling to me on her hands and knees."

TOM: "Yeah? What'd she say?"

REUBEN: "Come out from under that bed, you big yellowbelly!"

* * *

HAW!

POLICEMAN (to pedestrian just felled by hit-and-run driver): "Did you get his number?"

VICTIM: "No, but I'd know his laugh anywhere."

* * *

JUST BEACHY?

A wayfarer deep in the sandy wastes of the Sahara was astonished to discover the curvaceous young damsel in the brief bikini was not a mirage after all. "What on earth are you doing here in that rig?" he asked her.

"Swimming," was her clipped reply.

"But," protested the perplexed wayfarer, "you're seven hundred miles from the nearest ocean."

"I know," the girl told him. "Simply splendid beach, isn't it?"



CEASE FIRING!

Arriving home unexpectedly, Mr. Dryfoot was astonished and angered to find his wife sharing their bed with a totally unclad male stranger. Striding to the bureau, he pulled out an automatic pistol, cocked it and drew a bead on the homewrecker.

"Don't shoot, honey!" cried his wife, desperately. "Who do you think bought us my beautiful pastel mink, your Cadillac and the cabin cruiser?"

"Are you the man?" Dryfoot asked the shivering adulterer. When the unclothed one nodded, Dryfoot roared, "Then get some clothes on at once. You want to catch cold in this weather?"

* * *



SERVICE

It was a tiny, strictly straitlaced cowtown, and the cowhand who rode in after a couple of solitary months on the range saw at once that his great urge to acquire a woman was not going to be satisfied via the ordinary means. Being a philosopher, he visited the lone drugstore in the hope of getting a prescription that would allay his passions until he hit a larger community better equipped for the purpose. Much to his embarrassment, however, he found himself waited upon by a spinsterish young lady who regarded him modestly through rimless nose-glasses.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, "but I'd like to see the boss."

"I'm the proprietor," said the spinster. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I dunno," replied the perplexed cowboy. "You better let me talk to the male clerk then."

"We haven't any," the proprietor told him. "You just tell me what you want. I won't be embarrassed."

Blushing and stammering, the range rider explained his feverish predicament as best he could, concluding with, "Is there anything you can give me for it?"

"Just a minute," said the young woman, then disappearing into the back room of the store. A few minutes later, she came back and said, "I've just been discussing it with my sister, who makes up the prescriptions, and the most we can give you is twenty-five dollars."

* * *

HOARY BUT CUTE

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a loving machine.

Concave and convex,
It would fit either sex,
Entertaining itself in between.

* * *

LOGICAL

The devoted mother, walking into her daughter's bedroom unexpectedly and finding her pride and joy with a youth in what could only be described as a compromising position, cried, "Well, I never!"

"Oh, come now, Mother," replied the quick-witted girl. "You must have—or how would I be here at all?"

* * *



sir Knight



DREAMER, from page 39

thinking now's the time to follow through. "He's absolutely right. Now if you want your dream to come true, you'll have to help it along a little."

"Oh, Vernon," she simpered, "wouldn't it be exciting?"

"That ain't quite the word," I said, getting up. "Course, I'll help you work it out, but let's go up to your place and get with it, sort of. What say?"

She giggled.

"You can help me put something on that scratch," she promised.

By the time we walk into her apartment my tongue is hanging out. Not because I'm tired — I'm just excited. I never had it like this, I'm thinkin' to myself! She locks the door and turns on one light near the settee. We settee'd down on it together and she says, "My dream was so exciting, Vernon! I just hope we'll be able to make it all come true!"

I was shaking with suppressed excitement (or maybe it was desire!) but I manage to whisper in her ear, "Baby, I'm willing to do my share!"

She looked at me real eager-like. Her lips were shiny, and sort of trembling. It suddenly occurred to me that maybe she didn't have any such arrangement as this with old Pepperpot. No wonder she was so — ah — co-operative!

She smiled then, and whispered, "Do you want me to tell you what you did first in my dream, Vernon?"

"I bet I know already," I tell her, real sly-like. "Was it — this?" I pounce.

She squeals!

"Why Vernon!" she finally gasps, looking at me real surprised. "How did you know?"

I enjoyed her dumbfounded look for a minute and then I played my other trump. "Then next," I says, "I bet I did this, didn't I?"

The dame is now speechless. She looks at me, goggle-eyed, red mouth wide open for a minute. In fact, she's so deep in shock she never even notices that I have her gown open clear to her knees.

I'm busy peering into the contents of her bra when she finally says, in a sort of gasp that it unfastens in front, but before she gets it all said, I've got it all unfastened.

Deft, huh?

"Vernon," she says, sort of speculatively, looking at me in a certain special way, "did you — could you possibly have had —" she breaks off, purses her lips a minute, then shakes her curls, real positive. "No,"

she decides, emphatic-like, "you couldn't. Things like that just don't happen."

By this time I'm kissing her — her — ah — here, there, everywhere, and thinking all the time what a perfect set-up for old Flinders, Vernon W., Sfc. Just like in the dream I kiss her little ear, she sighs like she's enjoyin' all of it, and nibbles at mine, while I'm working down to her throat, her shoulder, her arm, — her — boy! what flesh that dame had on her bones! With every kiss I got more and still more enthusiastic. This was better than the dream!

"Oh, Vernon!" she moans, finally, leaning up against me like she did in my dream, "this is just what I dreamed about last night. It's coming absolutely true — every bit of it — thanks to you, you sweet old thing!"

"Stand up, doll," I whisper to her, "and walk back and forth like a model. I want to re-appraise those fetching curves just to see if I can keep from going mad!"

She smiles at that, and parades around the room for me until I can hardly stand it she's so gorgeous! Those creamy-white thighs of hers were molded to perfection. Suddenly a statistical thought struck me.

"If I had a tape-measure," I suggested, "I could check your bosoms — just for the record, of course."

She laughed.

"Thirty-eight exactly," she said, with pardonable pride. Then, giving me the eye, she slips into the bedroom. I'm right behind her.

Our trip was completed in a blaze of glory. Just like in my dream it began with a sort of wild, but natural abandon, and gradually brought both of us to higher and still higher levels. It was sensational beyond words to describe, but I was greatly relieved to discover that Paradise was still there; that it was still bathed in a delicate aura of purple tints with overtones of fuschia and vermillion. It was a delight to end all delights, take it from old Flinders! We must've been at least two-thirds of the way back when we hear the loud slam of a car-door, followed by quick, heavy footsteps.

Maybelle sits up. She's white.

I sit up. I livid.

"What was that?" we both said.

"It can't be my husband!" Maybelle sort of whimpers, trying to cover up those beautiful, gorgeous, full-blown, pink-tipped — "It IS my husband!" she shrieks, hearing the jab of a key in the door.

Holy Toledo! I'm ready for the cup of hemlock!

"Quick, Vernon!" she exclaims, pointing to the door. "Into the shower with you. Draw the curtain!"

"But I'm not dirty," I start to argue, but she shoves me.

"My clothes!" I suddenly remember, trying to scoop them up.

She kicked them under the bed.

"Get in that shower!" she hissed and I ducked in a split second ahead of the most stentorian roar I had ever stopped my ears against.

"Maybelle! Where the hell are you?"

Maybelle's soft voice was such a relief!

"Why, Pepper!" she exclaims, innocent as you please, "you're home early, aren't you? How did you make out at —"

"Where is he?" yells Pepperpot, stomping around hard. "Where is that slob? When I get through with him —"

Maybelle was still talking real soft.

"Who is it you're looking for, Pepper?" she wants to know.

I shudder to myself and draw the curtain tighter.

"Flinders!" he roars, opening doors and slamming them. "Why that low-down, mangy, pigeon-toed, slab-sided slob! When I get him in my —"

I can't shudder any more. I just begin to disintegrate.

"Who in the world," Maybelle says, a little ice beginning to show in her voice, "is Flinders?"

How in the world, I says to myself, did old Pepperpot find out my name? In fact, how did he find out a lot of things?

"He's that bar-fly down at the Grotto!" shouts Pepperpot. "You know dam' good and well who he is. You dreamed about him last night!" This time I heard Maybelle gasp. Or was it me? How on earth did old Pepperpot know that?

"Aha!" he shouted. "You did have that dream, didn't you. Well so did I! I dreamed about you and Flinders each having the same dream. Now you're busy making it come true, — the both of you. I saw it all last night!"

I made a mental note. If I'm still alive tomorrow, I better buy all the papers. They'll be running all three dreams in pictures. Newsreels, too. This thing is getting bigger than all of us, I could see that easy.

Old Pepperpot was still hollering.

"You can't fool me for one minute, Maybelle! I know what he did. He unfastened your — you let him unhook — come here! I'm gonna check this, just for ducks."

There's a scuffle. I can tell he's

grabbed her. Lookin' for that damned scratch, I think to myself.

Sure enough!

"Aha!" he yelps. "That proves it! I saw that scratch last night in my dream! Oh, that pub-crawling, brassiere-snapping, lady-killer! When I get my hands on . . . Where in hell is he anyway?"

He starts for the bathroom.

I freeze. In fact, I'm all shook up. I know what's coming. Groping around in the dark I latch onto one of those real long beach towels. I drape it around me, thinking I must look like one of them old Romans in the history books.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears. How in the hell do I get out of this shower?"

Then I hear Maybelle.

"Please, Pepper," she was pleading, "can't you be calm?"

"Calm!" he shouts, opening the bathroom door to stick his head in.

"I am calm. I'm so damn calm it hurts!"

He grabs the shower curtain and yanks it open.

We stand there, face to face.

Maybelle screams.

Pepperpot yells right in my teeth. "Why you—" he begins, purple in the face.

I held up a dignified hand. I was the only one calm right then.

"You, too, Brutus?" I inquired, strictly conversational. I even adjusted my toga.

A yell of rage greeted my polite remark. Old Pepperpot clasped his head—not mine, buddy, but his—in his two hands. That was all I needed. I grabbed a corner of the bath mat he's standing on. I give a mighty yank. Old Pepperpot hits the deck with a thud that rattles every last shingle on the roof. Maybelle screams, and while old Pepperpot lies there half-stunned, I jump for the door. Maybelle runs ahead of me, opening doors. As I scoot through the last one, clutching my toga to my middle, she says to me, real fast, "I'll mail your clothes to the Grotto. See you later."

Huh! I think, as I lope off down the street in the darkness, she's gonna see me later? Not til I get a lot farther away from old Pepperpot than I am right now.

LIKE I SAY, I'm just an ordinary guy. Not much to look at, old beat-up car, stuff like that there. But wouldn't you think the law of averages would take care of me and I could latch on to some high class dame? For good, that is. I'm gettin' too old for these one-night stands.



The night had been very sweet — and, as always, very profitable

Lady for Sale

by LANCE CRUTHERS

LISA DUMAINE awoke to a delightful sense of lassitude. Languidly, she sat up in the great double bed, exposing the fabulous Dumaine torso to the soft morning breezes, and reached for a cigaret. Exhaling, she looked with an almost maternal fondness at the clipped brown hair and the sun-bronzed bloom of the youth whose lean, muscular body lay beside her. With a soft smile of newly amassed memories, she regarded the black-and-grey cadet's uniform folded neatly on the chaise longue beside her carelessly discarded negligee.

The night had been very sweet—and, as always with Lisa, very profitable. The little stack of green bills on her vanity table across the room, nestled so amiably amid the forest of atomizers and cosmetics jars, totaled exactly \$1,000, which was Lisa's standard minimum for an overnight session. It had been unexpected, too, for she had not planned on plying her trade while vacationing here on this country estate she had rented for a month.

But his note had been so naive and so charming, that she had been unable to resist its frank appeal for a night of pleasure with the most famous courtesan in America. And the thought of embracing youthful vigor after so many older men had enchanted her—as had the reality that followed.

Then, as Lisa thought more about it in the clear morning light, a frown marred the perfection of her exquisite features. Corky—that was his name—was a mere cadet at the military academy at the end of the road, whose forbidding grey encrusted walls and towers frowned down upon the pink-and-white gaiety of her rented villa. Such cadets, she knew, were almost bound to be without money, or, if they had any, were kept on a Spartan allowance.

Where then, had the \$1,000 come from?

She shook Corky gently awake and kissed him. He was such a sleepy doll of a boy, yet so brave, she thought, a future guardian of his country, perhaps a future general. When Lisa judged the right moment

had arrived, she asked him about the money.

Corky blushed beneath his suntan and refused the cigaret she offered him, saying, "No thank you, ma'am—it's against the rules."

"And spending the night with a woman like me is not?" she inquired.

He said, "Well . . . that was special."

Lisa was pleased, but stuck to her guns. "But isn't a thousand dollars a great deal of money for a young cadet like you, darling?" she inquired.

His blush deepened and he fought for words. Then he stammered, "Not really, ma'am. You see, when we heard you were here, we all wanted to—to spend a night with you, all five hundred of us. Then one of the boys got the idea of having a lottery over it. Each of us put in two bucks, and we drew." He blushed a third time as he added, "I was the lucky one."

"I think it was perfectly adorable!" exclaimed Lisa, deeply touched. The idea of the entire academy of 500 boys all willing to pay merely for a chance to savor her charms, enchanted her.

"I'm glad you're not offended, ma'am," said Corky, looking relieved. "I was—afraid, I mean—it didn't seem exactly romantic."

"But it's the most romantic thing I ever heard of!" she protested, taking his downy face between her perfect hands and kissing the so-very-young lips. "In fact, I feel deeply obligated—so much so that I must do something for you in return."

"Don't put yourself out, ma'am," he said as she slipped from the bed, revealing the full magnificence of her pearly charms to his dazzled gaze. "I mean—you've already done enough."

"No," she said. "I cannot let one of America's future guardians pay for the enjoyment of what is his duty to protect." She reached the vanity, picked up the money, turned and said, with a charming smile, "So you will never think me mercenary, darling, here is your two dollars back."





LELA BALLAD, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-skinned and exceedingly lovely lass of 22 years who is currently embarked on an attempt to scale the American entertainment heights is a definite split personality, if not an out-and-out schizophrenic. A quietly intelligent and soft spoken miss, she erupts like an electric eel when she slithers into the spotlight to deliver her specialty. Lela, to sum it up, is a belly dancer from the Orient, even though she looks a lot more like a Hollywood High School kid offstage, in her Capri pants and Sloppy-Joe sweaters. This exotic dancer's only outer

symbol of her voluptuous expressiveness before the footlights is her fondness for elaborate skyscraper gold earrings whose filigree-work seems ever about to become inextricably entangled in the loosely knit wool of her sweater. Otherwise, she is five feet two, weighs 105 terrific pounds and hits the tapes at an exceedingly curvy 35-18-35.

Says Lela, with nary a trace of accent although she arrived in the U.S. a mere four years ago from her native Persia (Iran) without a stitch of English to her name, "I was born in Azerbaijan—that's the part of Persia nearest Soviet Russia—but lived

in Tehran since I was about one-and-a-half."

Azerbaijan—that's a lot more romantic and exotic for an Oriental-type dancer than, say, North Ardmore Road, Los Angeles, California, where she currently lives with her mother, a former White Russian, and two of her large brood of brothers. Father Ballad and the rest of the family are still in Tehran, where he is a Professor of Languages (Persian and Armenian).

"I like Persia so much more than Iran for the name of my country," says Lela. "It sounds much more magical. But somebody decided to

Schooled in an ancient and provocative art,
this Persian belly dancer explodes on stage

Girl From Azerbaijan

by HORACE DEVINE



change it, so there we are." Lela, incidentally, intends to become a U.S. citizen as soon as she can get her papers. As to what Father thinks of his daughter's intended switch of nationality and projected career as a super-bump-and-grind artist, says Lela, "He doesn't like it at all. But then, there isn't very much he can do about it."

For a soft and slow-spoken miss, Lela can be startlingly blunt and decided in what she says—yet her delivery is so gentle the impact is soft as silk. Underneath the delectable exterior lies a creature of volcanic emotions and iron will devel-



oped by the lifelong disciplines of a trained dancer's regimen. Asked her views on men, marriage, having children, she replied firmly but entrancingly, "No—neither marriage nor children are for me." She admitted, however, that the sudden onset upon her personal scene of a Texas oil millionaire or his equivalent in other fields "might make me change my mind just a little." Oil millionaires and their equivalents please copy.

As for the plural marriages still practiced in Mohammedan countries (The Koran allows four wives at a time to a husband), Lela comments, "That's why I left Persia."

She adds, "I'm out to make the great American dollar like everyone else I seem to have met since I got here." As implied above, the girl is devastatingly frank.

She arrived here, aged seventeen, on a Persian Government scholarship to study theater and dramatic arts at Los Angeles City and State Colleges, a scholarship whose terms she has only just fulfilled successfully. What's more, she arrived alone. Her mother and the two brothers, came on later, and the boys are at school in Los Angeles.

"I didn't know a word of English," she says, her dark eyes looking slightly alarmed at the memory. "When I got off the plane, there I was, sitting all alone in the Idlewild Airport building in New York. Then a man came up and tried to talk to me, but I didn't understand. I could only show him my passport, and he called the Iranian Consulate for me. If he hadn't been the right kind of man, I don't know what might have

happened. I was absolutely helpless." (As if any beautiful young girl with Lela's attributes could ever be helpless where men are concerned!)

The Consulate did its stuff and installed Lela at a Manhattan hotel while arranging her transportation to California. However, on her second morning in New York, the officials had to bail her out of another, and very odd, jam. "I was hungry," she says, "and went out to a restaurant for breakfast. So I wouldn't get lost, I copied the words on the street sign to help me find my way back."

However, having finished her breakfast a few blocks away, Lela found herself unable to locate the hotel. She wandered around, showing her piece of paper to various passers-by, but all of them expressed utter confusion and inability to direct her. Finally, one of them pointed to a policeman, who scratched his head in bewilderment. She showed him her passport, and he called the Consulate, and once again officialdom came to her rescue. "The people I asked weren't stupid," Lela explains. "What I had written down on my piece of paper was 'One Way Street'!"

Lela's decision to launch herself as a belly dancer, in the convoluting path already wriggled through with sensational success by Egyptian girls Samia Gamal and Nejla Ates, rather than in the tear-stained path of an emotional actress, was dictated by the same sort of tactical genius that led Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest to describe success in war as being merely a matter of "getting there fustest with the mostest."

"At this stage," she confesses, "I find myself better able to project personality through my body than through my voice. Besides, if I try



for dramatic parts first, I'll have to do bits and supporting roles for years—while, if I do my dances, I'll be a star right away. My whole personality changes the moment I get out there and start to move."

Lela's moves, by the way, are sensational, as, of course, is the beautifully trained, lithe young body which is hers to employ. She has been working hard at the traditional court and harem dances of her native land since she was four years old.

"A good belly dancer has to start as early as possible," she reveals. "To master the art, she must first achieve complete mastery of every part of the body, of every muscle. Then she must learn how to coordinate them into a flowing, sinuous whole. After all, the dance was designed to stimulate the emotions and desires of sultans and wazirs sated with every sort of harem sensuality. Frankly, that has been the sole purpose of the dance for thousands of years."

So well did Lela achieve this seductive coordination of muscley that, when she was 15, she toured Beirut, Ankara, Istanbul and Rome with a troupe of young Iranian entertainers chaperoned by a lady named Cooke, first name forgotten, who, says Lela, "was perfectly wonderful and a real Mae West type. She chaperoned us so thoroughly that I never knew what a real wolf was until I hit California."

It was Lela's mother, a forced emigree from Czarist Russia, where her family had been wealthy merchant-

folk, who fostered in Lela her emancipated ideas and nursed her through her fledgling career. "Father," she admits, "was against it from the start. He's really an ultra-intellectual, with very definite, traditional ideas about women."

Lela was brought up in her mother's Greek-Orthodox faith but is, in her own words, "not very religious. Maybe I shouldn't admit this, but I'm just not, and what's the sense of pretending I am?"

In recent months, since launching herself as an entertainer, Lela has done chorus work and "cameo" bits in "Kismet" and "Prodigal" for M.G.M. and was one of the harem wives in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The King and I" with Yul Brynner. She has done some night club work, including Hollywood's famed Mocambo, and is currently readying an act for Las Vegas consumption. "Just myself and two or three musicians—you know, with Oriental stringed instruments to give the proper background."

She has also worked television, on the Groucho Marx and Eddie Cantor shows and has made an appearance on the midnight show of that Los Angeles Don Quixote, Tom Duggan. Duggan asked her how she liked American men, and Lela bluntly told him she found European males much better mannered and more considerate, a remark that drew several bushel-baskets full of outraged letters from U.S. studs. As a result, Lela is in line for a regular spot on the show.

Since she has inherited her father's intellect along with that delicious body, Lela is a careful planner and has thus far avoided the onstage disasters that seem to fall without fail upon every young actress and entertainer (and on old ones as well). The worst thing that has occurred during one of her performances happened not to her, but to her male partner, during a concert in Los Angeles' Philharmonic Hall. While wriggling through his solo, his Oriental balloon pants proceeded to move slowly southward until they reached his ankles. "Fortunately," says Lela, "he was wearing something underneath."

Lela has also served a term of one year as manager of a Hollywood health-and-reducing salon for women, out of which she acquired a taste for nasturtium seeds, yoghurt and wheat-germ ice cream. "I'm on a health kick," she admits, gracefully fingering the stem of her martini. Actually, she is a social drinker and never, never smokes.

She sleeps raw and, for clothes, likes the new sack horrors for dress occasions and Hollywood slop-around clothes for day and casual wear. Love? Yes, Lela has been in love. "It is not easy for me," she says softly, her dark eyes glowing. "I am very, very serious about love—which is why I have not time for it now!" Very determined, and with a very sweet smile. In her case the bumpy (and grindy) road to fame and fortune comes first.



DIAMONDS, from page 6

thus far. But lately, Ali Singh was occupying far too much of her off-stage time, and of her offstage thoughts. That he was a Maharajah from Indo-China had little to do with the state of Terry's feelings toward him—or so she told herself. It was his flashing, lean, graceful good looks, his smile, his passion, his almost indolent ability to do all things well except one—the one being a talent for keeping his political and financial fences in good order.

"There are so many other things I prefer," he told her, shrugging it off when she chided him for neglecting his worldly affairs. "You, among them, *cherie*."

How could even a basically hard-headed gal from Oklahoma resist such a pitch? Certainly, Terry had succumbed. The six weeks past had been entirely conducted on a Cloud-nine level. But now that she was, in actuality, going to fly above the clouds, things had descended to earth with a most undull thud.

Since Terry was not in the finale, she was dressed by the time Corinne, all a-bubble with squealing excitement over the prospect of displaying her shapely brunette wares in America and Las Vegas above all, came panting into the little dressing room. She eyed Terry with some surprise and said, "You are not going out?"

"I'm going home, honey," Terry informed her.

"But Jules Filou is throwing a tremendous party on that Greek billionaire's yacht," Corinne protested. "Pink champagne and millionaires will flow like water. You can't afford to miss it, Terree."

"I can't afford to miss my sleep, either," Terry replied firmly.

Corinne wrinkled her pert little nose. "Ah, sleep!" she said, dismissing the matter. "You can sleep on the plane."

"Sure," replied Terry in her Southern-accent French, "but I sleep better in bed."

"Give my love to the bedbugs then," said Corinne, laughing, as Terry moved toward the door, handbag in firm grip.

"I'll deliver the message," she said and slipped out of the theater by the back way, as unobtrusively as possible.

Even so, Philippe Wyatt saw her. He was outside in the alley, enjoying one of his rose-tipped cigarettes. He said, "You are not coming tonight, darling?"

"I wouldn't say that," Terry replied drily.

"Ah, you and your penniless maharajah!" he said. "Be careful he does not destroy you, darling. You have a bright future if you don't make mistakes."

"How'm I gonna learn then?" Terry asked with a gamine grin. She went on to the curb where Ali Singh was waiting for her in his yellow Porsche. He opened the door for her and said, "Everything okay, baby?"

"Everything okay," she replied. Then, as the little car spurted away from the curb, "You brought them?"

years ago. How much are they worth?" His high, rather narrow, very intelligent forehead furrowed. "My American purchaser is willing to pay a quarter of a million for them—dollars, of course—and no questions asked. Nor any income tax either." He paused, then added, "Mind you, *cherie*, this is an under-the-counter transaction. They would be worth at least half again as much on the open market."

"I still don't see why you can't peddle them without all the hush-hush," said Terry, trying not to let the sight of so many, so magnificent

"Honey," Terry said,
"if I went for you,
it wouldn't matter
if you had a lousy
franc or not."



"I brought them," he informed her.

"Them" made Terry gasp and blink when Ali Singh emptied them out of a chamois-skin bag in the privacy of Terry's Hotel Charles X room. Twenty-two glittering, flawlessly cut white diamonds of a size she had never seen outside of Cartier's window. They shimmered like being exquisitely alive in the soft light, a fortune compressed into so small and beautiful a space.

"Golly, honey," murmured Terry. "How much are they worth? They must be about eight carats apiece."

"Ten or more," he replied quietly. "They were matched to make a necklace by my grandfather thirty

years ago. How much are they worth?" His high, rather narrow, very intelligent forehead furrowed.

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"Honey," Terry said,
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Ali Singh stepped toward her, put his arms around her slim waist so that she could lean back and look up at him within their circle. He said, in his beautiful Oxford English with its faint trace of Asiatic softness, "Because, my dear, I am not allowed to sell anything in France. Thanks to the troubles afflicting my native Indo-China, my entire estate has been temporarily impounded by the government. They give me my pitiful allowance only as long as I stay in France, unless I am on an official mission—and you, Terry, lovely and adorable as you are, hardly constitute an official reason for visiting the United

States. Especially Las Vegas."

"Then you're stealing the stones from the government?" Terry asked.

He kissed her, lingeringly, thoroughly, and her body went into its song. But instead of carrying the embrace to its logical and longed-for conclusion, he added, "Not quite — for how can I steal what is mine by inheritance? If the government knew I was having these stones taken out of France, they would be very angry. But they do not know — they do not even know of their existence. I can hardly be said to be robbing them of what is mine and what they don't even know exists, can I?"

He kissed her again, and this time it was Terry who came up for air. Wrenching her mouth free of his demanding lips, she said, "But what about the U.S. Customs?"

Ali Singh shrugged slim, broad shoulders. "If I declare them in America, the French government will know — and my allowance and prospect of regaining my estate will be wiped out — like *that!*" He snapped long, thin, elegant brown fingers.

"Then, too," he added, "there is the little matter of duty. If I were forced to pay it out of the selling price, I should have much, much less to spend on you in America, darling."

"Yes, but . . ." began Terry. She frowned then shrugged in turn and snuggled the firm, soft curves of her delightful body close against the firmness of him. "The hell with it!" she murmured. "Let's get punching."

Terry was ready — to say nothing of willing and able, as she had been these past six weeks of her romance with the dark Asiatic princeling. But, for once, he was not. He held her off after one moist, clinging kiss, and said with a slow shake of his head, "No, my darling, not tonight. We shall have plenty of that in Las Vegas. Tonight you must prepare the stones for their safe passage to America."

"Later, honey," murmured Terry. "Later."

"Not later — now," he replied, and there was no doubt about his meaning it. Terry said, "I'm not one of your slaves . . ."

"I have no slaves."

". . . nor a member of your harem — yet."

"I have no wives, only you."

"Oh — all right!" she grumbled. "A hell of a way to spend my last night on the Riviera — sewing diamonds into a G-string!"

"But think of the reward," said Ali Singh.

"That's what bothers me," Terry replied dryly. "I look like hell in a prison pallor."

"You would look charming, I'm sure, in or out of anything," said Ali Singh with his sudden, flashing smile. "But it will not come to that. If there is trouble, it is I who would suffer. Girls as lovely as you never go to prison."

"You don't know America, Ali," Terry told him. "But, what the hell! If I'm agonna do it, I'm agonna do it. I should have gone to the party on the Greek's yacht with the rest of the girls."

"I'm going there now," said the maharajah. "Remind me to tell you all about it when we meet in Vegas. Good luck, *cherie*. I have an idea we shall both need it."

II

FEELING DISSATISFIED, both with her sex-life, or lack of same during the past 30 hours, and with the little smuggling chore she had let Ali Singh con her into, Terry turned up 10 minutes early for her rehearsal with Philippe in the day-dark modernity of the *Chez Aphrodite*. Madam Frou-Frou, looking more like an old crow than ever, was the only occupant of the Green Room, where she sat, rechecking the show's costumes, amid a small mountain of clothing and boxes.

Seeing Terry, she growled, "I'm surprised you got here after the big blowout last night."

"I didn't go," said Terry, lighting a cigaret and hoping she wasn't showing her sense of guilt. The stolen G-string, with its 22 real diamonds of 10 carats-plus, was in the bottom of her handbag — she simply hadn't dared leave it at the hotel, and checking it would have roused undue interest, perhaps suspicion.

"You didn't go?" Madam Frou-frou lowered her hands and peered at the American girl over her *pince-nez*. "The world must have come to its end ahead of time. You stayed home from a party!"

"I was tired," said Terry, wishing the old woman would shut up.

"Tired — *hah!*" said the wardrobe mistress. "What do you know about fatigue? More likely you were not home alone."

Terry drifted away from the crone, but the sharp, throaty voice pursued her. "Tired! I wish you had my job to do. Then you'd know something about being tired. Costumes to mend, costumes to clean, costumes to patch! I'm going to quit right after the trip unless Monsieur Filou agrees to do an all-nude show. *That* would be a soft snap for

me . . ." And so on.

Philippe came in then, his dark glasses not quite hiding all of the rings under his eyes. He said, "Sorry, pet, but I didn't turn in until long after daylight. Such a madness of a brawl! I was surprised not to see you there. Your brunette boyfriend was cutting quite a swathe."

"I was pooped," said Terry, thinking, a trifle sulkily, that if Madam Frou-Frou knew she had actually been sewing on a costume, to say nothing of what she had sewed onto it, she might be rather more sympathetic.

Philippe said, "Let's go into Filou's chambers — he took off for America on the early plane this morning."

The producer of the *Folies Francaises* had a luxurious suite just offstage in the *Chez Aphrodite*, a suite which, according to rumor, was frequently dedicated to the Goddess of Love. It featured low, broad, firm-bottomed modern sofas, a bleached, blonde piano, a small bar and a bathroom in lemon and silver that included both a stall-shower and a bidet.

"I've got the American material here," said Philippe, drawing some rumpled papers from his attache case and thrusting them into her hands. He was clad in a cerise sports shirt, an orange cravat-kerchief and slacks of dark green. His shoes were of pale lizard, his socks non-existent, and the inevitable rose-tipped long cigaret dangled from a corner of his tight little island of a mouth. He ran through a few piano riffs and fragments of melodies while Terry scanned the new special verses he had written for her numbers.

Effeminate or not, she thought as she half-read, half-hummed them, Philippe was good. He had rewritten a key line that read, originally, ". . . et faites tes jeux en boudoir comme tu les fais sur le table," (make your play in the bedroom as you do at the table) to ". . . put your chips on the table, instead of in the hay" and rerigged the entire chorus to fit the switch.

They ran through it, and Terry, a quick "study," had little trouble memorizing and phrasing the new version. Philippe made a couple of suggestions, one of which she liked, one of which she turned into something rather better herself.

He leaned on the piano, cigaret-smoke clouding his dark lenses, and said, "You know, sweetie-pie, you and I would make a real gasser of a team."

"Why, Philippe!" said Terry hon-
— turn to page 52

estly surprised. "I didn't think girls—female girls, that is—were on your mainline."

"That," he said, removing his dark glasses to reveal mildly blood-shot eyes, "is where you're wrong. I'm crazy about women—to be specific, I'm extra-looping about a dish named Burrell. Terry to her friends." He enjoyed trying to use American semi-hip slang, which he occasionally sadly scrambled.

"Then why all the flutterboy act?" she inquired, mildly curious. It occurred to her for the first time that Philippe was not unattractive in a reedy sort of way. She wondered . . .

"Because, if I played the bull of the woods, I'd be out of character," he told her, striking a few blues chords. "Besides, you kids would all keep your guard up."

"Let's run through the new stuff again," said Terry, thinking the conversation had gone far enough.

"There's no need—you've got it down perfect," Philippe told her. He paused, regarding her speculatively, then said, "What if I told you I was going to make myself a bagful of money very soon now. Would it make any difference?"

Terry went over and ruffled his long, straight brown hair. "Honey," she said, "if I went for you, it wouldn't matter if you had a lousy franc or not."

All at once, Philippe had risen and his very thin but, surprisingly, very strong arms held her close. He said, "I'm not kidding, baby—I'm going to get me a potful of dough pretty soon. Got a real deal cooking. But how about it?"

"How about what?" she stalled, feeling the slight idiotic sensation that always overcame her when she found herself in the arms of an ardent male shorter than herself.

"You're enchanting, a moonlight sonata," he murmured.

Terry laughed and squirmed a little, trying to halt his exceedingly busy hands. But his assault was so unexpected that her heart wasn't fully prepared to repel it. He pushed her back, toward the sofa. She still laughed, still said, "Stop it, Philippe!" But his lips found hers and silenced them. As his hands unfastened and removed her capri pants, she gasped, "Philippe, don't! Somebody might come in."

When it was over, she lay there, stunned and panting, trying to collect her muscles and wits. Philippe, of all people! In spite of herself, she felt drawn toward him, a sense of sharing a secret. Never again would

she think of him as effeminate.

She lay still a moment too long. With a low, almost animal growl, he flung himself upon her again. "I can't help it, darling!" he gasped as again the passion gripped them. "I've wanted you so much—for so long."

Just before she drifted off on the wings of rapture, she thought, *one good thing—Ali Singh will never believe it anyway.* When she emerged on the far side of the tunnel of love, her thoughts were still on Ali Singh, and she told herself what had just happened served him right for treating her so scurvyly the night before—even if it was good policy for him to appear at the party while she pricked holes in her fingers doing a Madam Frou-Frou and sewing his precious diamonds into her G-string.

Clutching her clothing in wild disorder, Terry made it to the producer's private powder room and locked the door before the unexpected amorist could have his way with her again. As she made rapid repair of the damages to her person, her clothes and her poise, she wondered what on earth to do about Philippe.

There was something funny about sharing the secret of his virility, about the fact he not only liked girls but knew what to do about them. Then it occurred to her to wonder just how many other of the girls in the show shared this same secret. It was a disquieting thought. Terry reminded herself that it was Ali Singh she had been thinking of, that it was really only to unload her resentment toward the magnificent maharajah that she had allowed what had happened to happen.

Or so she hoped—being even temporarily attached to a talented lightweight like Philippe would inevitably be more trouble than it was worth. As she donned lipstick in front of the mirror, she recalled his twice-spoken statement about making a lot of money. She wondered what nasty deal was cooking in his snide little head. Knowing Philippe, she wondered why she liked him—yet she had, or she would never have let him do what he had done to her on M. Filou's sofa.

He was standing by the piano when she emerged, orchidaceous as ever. She wanted to ask him about other women, but not wishing to reveal the slightest weakness, she inquired instead where the money he had mentioned was coming from. His grin was infuriating smug.

"That's a secret," he told her, "and a surprise, especially to you,

honey. You know, you were very wise to treat me so kindly. It will make things much easier for you later on." With this, he picked up his attache case and wandered out.

Terry followed him slowly, thinking, *Why, the little heel!* She hadn't the slightest idea what he meant, but the unexplained implications did nothing to soothe her already thoroughly ruffled equilibrium.

She felt a sudden thrust of alarm as she retrieved her bag from the chair on which she had dropped it when she came in to rehearse with Philippe. She had, perforce, left it unwatched during her couch acrobatics with the pianist, and during her visit to the powder room—and it contained the precious G-string with its twenty-two real diamonds. Terry had not dared risk calling attention to its value by checking it at the hotel, nor had she dared hide it. Therefore, she had decided to keep it with her, in the handbag.

Opening it quickly, she peered within and heaved a sigh of relief to see the glitter of diamonds still reposing in its bottom. With trembling fingers, she snapped it shut and wandered out into the Green Room, where Madam Frou-Frou again peered at her over her nose-glasses.

"Have a good time with him?" the wardrobe mistress asked. "Some of those queer ones are hard to figure out." The shrill cackle of her laugh followed Terry as she beat a hasty retreat into the bright sunlight of her final Riviera afternoon.

When she got back to the Hotel Charles X, Corinne Dubois was lounging around in a state of semi-nudity. She was, to Terry, the typical French musical comedy type, lush, dark-haired and dark-eyed, untidy, emotional, amusing, sometimes a nuisance and utterly without any inhibitions, either in sex, or where displaying her exceedingly opulent charms was concerned. In her company, Terry always felt slightly starched, like a dentist's assistant.

"You should have been there," she told the American in her rapid-fire French. "Oh, my poor, aching head! What I would give for some opium right now."

"You'll settle for a brandy," said Terry, producing the small bottle she had purchased downstairs. "I have something of a king-size headache myself." She knew better than to ask Corinne if she was all packed. The answer would be no, and Terry would find herself doing the job. For once, she decided to leave it to

somebody else. She was in no mood to mother the girl — far more, she needed mothering herself.

"I hope Ali Singh enjoyed himself," said Terry, not wanting to put the question direct.

Corinne shrugged. "I was surprised to see him — I took it for granted he would spend the night with you."

"I shooed him out early," said Terry, half-truthfully.

"You Americans!" said Corinne, shaking her dark head. "If I had a man like that on the string . . ." She shrugged eloquently, accepted the drink Terry had poured for her and downed it in a single gulp. Then she said, thoughtfully, "I hope American men are not like you, sweetie."

"In America, as in France, there are certain unmistakable differences," Terry told her, sipping her own snort.

"Silly! That wasn't what I meant," Corinne said in mild reproach. "What I meant was —"

"I know," said Terry. "Believe me, you won't have to worry. And forget about me last night. I had my reasons."

"Where were you today?" Corinne asked, as emptily inquisitive as a monkey.

"It's none of your business," said the American, "but, since you ask me, I was rehearsing some new material with Philippe."

"That mackerel!" said Corinne. "There is a real sand-flea among sand-fleas, if I do not slander the species. Always pretending he likes men when he really wants only women! What a way for a man to live!"

"If he likes it . . ." said Terry, somewhat dismayed that Corinne should have been on to Philippe before he revealed his true nature to herself. "He probably does better that way. Has he ever bothered you?"

"Not really," said Corinne.

"Then how can you be sure?" Terry asked.

"I can tell." The French girl's shrug was eloquent. "When he has touched me during rehearsal, I can feel his hands — and so can the other girls. Haven't you?"

"He has never touched me," Terry lied valiantly. It had, come to think of it, been true until this afternoon.

Corinne's eyes were round. "That is hard to believe," she said. "Perhaps he does not like your type, *cherie*, or perhaps he likes you too well and is afraid. In either case, be careful — especially since he had

you promoted to a feature spot."

"Philippe had me promoted?" Terry was incredulous.

"But of course," said Corinne. "M. Filou listens only to him where the girls are concerned. He, too, is fooled by Philippe's clothes, by his manner. He believes Philippe has no personal interest in any of us. What a joke!"

"Very funny," said Terry, her already non-stratospheric mood in no way lifted by thus learning she was obligated to the composer-musician who had so recently, so violently and so successfully made known his feelings toward her. To have granted him too much of a favor was bad enough — to be in his debt for her job was unbearable. Yet there was nothing she could do.

She considered quitting the show when the three-weeks Las Vegas run came to an end. After almost two years in Europe, the thought of the States was warming. And she should have little trouble obtaining work, even if Ali Singh's plans to smuggle in a fortune went awry. She had enough credits, enough experience, enough beauty and few enough years to continue rating top

revue spots for top dough.

" . . . not the worst thing about Philippe," she heard Corinne saying. "He's even lower than that. He free-lances for the American Customs Department. He tips them off to smugglers and collects a large percentage of the fines they levy."

The words were like the deep horn-notes that burst suddenly into the low-pitched tensions of a *Drag-net* program on American Television!

III

OUTSIDE THE air-conditioned permanent twilight of the plush, fresh-paint-smelling Coronado Inn, Las Vegas lay steaming and sweltering in a wave of desert heat. Terry, who was rooming with Corinne, tried to warn the excited French girl the morning of their arrival, when she expressed a wish to go outside and look around.

"It's hot, honey," she said in her easy, American-accepted French. "One minute after you get under that sun, you'll think you're digging roads for the Foreign Legion in the

— turn to page 54



"A pantie raid . . . why Freddy Collins, you know me better than that!"

DIAMONDS, from page 53

Sahara."

But, Corinne, who had slept throughout the long airtrip, was fresh, restless and eager to see the sights. "Come with me," she pleaded with Terry. "Not knowing the language very well, I might get into trouble."

"Isn't that what you want?" Terry asked. Having been far too nervous to sleep much, she wanted only to take it easy until time for the brush-up rehearsal at three. Afterward, she was meeting Ali Singh, who was arriving at five.

She did accompany the girl to the lobby, where she picked up the Hollywood trade papers and sat down to read them, anxious to catch up on what was going on in show business on the West Coast. If she did decide to stay, in case Ali Singh's little deal went wrong and she was still out of jail, she thought it would be wise to case the news for a possible job.

The lobby was fantastic, looking more like an outdoor rock garden than something under a roof. There was even a small eccentric pool, complete with water lilies. A clicking and droning sound-pattern, constant but erratic, puzzled her until, peering through a bank of boxed palms, she saw a line of men and women working slot machines re-

lentlessly.

Hearing a faintly alarmed cry of her name, Terry looked around again, to see a dripping, already disheveled Corinne coming rapidly toward her with a pair of wolfishly grinning, suntanned males in gaudy slacks and sports-jackets, embossed cowboy boots and faun-colored ten-gallon hats stalking her pattering heels.

"Teree!" gasped Corinne. "I didn't know it was this hot. These men — what do they want?"

"I hope you're kidding, baby," said Terry, also in French.

The grinning but somewhat perplexed T-bird cowboys stopped in front of the girls, and one of them removed his hat and mopped a streaming brow with a bright-red silk bandanna. "Je ne . . ." he began. Then, "Moi et mon ami, we . . ." Then, "Aw, nuts! We only wanted the little *mademoiselle* to come up to the rooms for a drink."

"Je ne comprends pas," said Terry, looking up at them, very demure and puzzled.

"Damn the language barrier!" said the other sport. "Tout que nous voulons est . . ."

"I know damned well what you want," snapped Terry in good, tough American. "Now get lost, you pointy-heads, and back to your slot-machines."

Their mouths fell open, their eyes bugged out, revealing bloodshot veins. The first of them finally stammered, "We were only — we didn't mean to —"

"My friend and I . . ." The other began.

"Hit the road," snapped Terry. "Take two powders. Scram!"

They scrambled in confusion. Corinne looked after them, then at Terry. "Perhaps," she said in French, "we should not have been quite so hasty. After all, they didn't look so terrible."

"Honey," said Terry, "When you go into a jewelry store, you don't buy the first diamond the clerk shows you. You look over what he's got before you make up your mind."

"I suppose so," said Corinne, pouting prettily as she attempted to repair some of the damage the heat had done to her hair and makeup, in her vanity mirror.

"This is one place you'll get plenty of action, right around the clock" Terry told her, wishing she hadn't mentioned diamonds. The G-string still in the bottom of her handbag felt as if it weighed a ton. Just what she was to do with it during the rehearsal troubled her.

Then a thought struck her. Other

members of the troupe wandered up, and Terry excused herself as Corinne, with great animation, described her adventure. She went up to their room, stepped out of her Capri pants and out of her glove-silk panties beneath. Then she donned the G-string and pulled it up tightly into place. Sitting might be a trifle uncomfortable, but at least she knew where it was.

She opened her bureau drawer to drop her panties inside, and paused, a feeling of panic gripping her middle. Unquestionably, the room had been searched in the relatively brief period she had been out of it. She thought of Philippe, and her ordinary full lips tightened and narrowed. A Customs stool-pigeon! There was going to have to be a reckoning with Philippe, she decided, if only for the way in which he had violated her person. Taking a deep breath, she went back downstairs to join the others. How she was going to survive until five, when she could turn the smuggled diamonds over to Ali Singh, she did not quite know.

Somehow, of course, she made it. The entire troupe was given a festive welcoming luncheon by the hotel management and a local booster group. It was a lavish barbecue affair, and Terry had to calm Corinne's panic at the unexpected fire-pepper heat of the innocent-looking food. The girl had feared she was being poisoned, and was almost in tears.

"Tell me, honey," said Terry when the holocaust was at last put out by three glasses of Mexican beer, "were you rummaging around in my part of the bureau this morning?"

Corinne shook her head and asked why. "Never mind, honey," Corinne told her, casting a baleful eye at Philippe, who was at the piano, batting out some of his tunes and risque lyrics, the center of a small crowd of admirers. He was obviously enjoying himself, much to Terry's disgust — nor was her mood improved by the exaggerated wink he gave her when he caught her big blue eyes on him.

"Ugh!" she murmured. "Monster!" Then, to the amiable Texan with her, "No, not you, darling. I just thought of something I wish I hadn't." She went out of her way to be nice to the stranger, thus making a conquest for life in approximately seven minutes. It was a pity, she thought, she couldn't stand Texas — getting rich there, for a girl like herself, was so simple a matter — but she had worked Dallas be-

Mr. Knight



"I understand you're looking for someone to take a dive!"

fore she went abroad and disliked it acutely for its noise and all-around unpolished rawness.

Then there was the rehearsal run-through, which was mostly a matter of getting used to the new stage and reaching a state of armed neutrality with the stage-crew and electricians. Not until Terry ran through her new material with Philippe, did the pianist speak to her. Then, in an aside, he murmured, "I want to talk to you before the show, sweetie."

"That makes one of us," flipped Terry with a cynicism she was far from feeling at the moment. The diamonds in her G-string, under her Capris, seemed to be imbedded in her very flesh.

"I'm not kidding," said Philippe, his face hardening.

"Neither am I," snapped Terry, keeping her voice low. "If you ever lay a hand or anything else on me again, I'll twist your dirty pink ears right off."

"This is something else," he warned her. "You'd better listen, or you'll be in a lot of trouble. I know how you got them into this country."

"And I," countered Terry with a loftiness she had to struggle to assume, "don't know what in hell you're talking about."

She had the satisfaction of hearing him strike a jangling discord on the keys that brought a scowl to the face of Producer Jules Filou. She only hoped such brief satisfaction didn't prove too costly in the immediate future.

When the rehearsal at last was over, and the performers were free to leave the hall, Terry slipped away as unobtrusively as possible, while Philippe was taking a dressing down from M. Filou. She took the elevator to the seventh floor, two above her own, where Ali Singh had reserved a suite. It was almost five-thirty, and he was waiting for her and swept her into his arms.

"Darling!" he said. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Not half as glad as I am to see you," she replied, thrusting her body close against his and letting their lips flow together as her body again began its song.

"Ouch!" cried the maharajah, pulling his body away from hers. "Ma cherie, what is it? Have you taken to wearing a chastity-girdle?"

"What's the matter, darling?" Terry asked anxiously, so lost in voluptuous excitement at being again in her lover's arms that, for the moment, she was incapable of rational thought.

"I don't know," he replied, still

wincing. "But whatever you have on, it hurts like the very devil."

"I don . . ." she began, then held her knuckles against her lips as understanding came. She burst out laughing and collapsed on the bed, unable to keep her limbs under her in her mirth. "Oh, *darling!*" she finally managed to gasp. "It's your diamonds — I was so glad to see you I forgot all about them. I'm wearing them!"

"You're *what . . . ?*" His eyebrows climbed an invisible ladder. Then, as the point, or rather the points, of the jest sank home, he, too, dissolved in helpless laughter, finally flinging himself on the bed beside her. "This I must explore and discover for myself," he announced when again he was able to speak. His lips sought hers and found them, while his hands busied themselves with her Capris. She kept her body responsively pliant, making the disrobing easier for him.

When he had removed them, he held her hips within the frame of his lean, powerful hands, gazing down at the jeweled G-string. He laughed again and said, "What ever possessed you to put them on?"

"Because," she said, "I was afraid to leave them in my bag during rehearsal."

"Why didn't you put them in the hotel safe?" he inquired, his brow again furrowed.

"For the same reason," she replied, "that I didn't dare put them in the safe at the Charles X. I didn't want anyone to know I had anything especially valuable in my possession."

"Smart girl," said Ali Singh, lifting her chin with a crooked forefinger so that her face was close in front of his. He kissed her and added, "Not only smart, but beautiful." He kissed her again and smacked his lips. "Even more, you taste marvelous."

"Stop being silly," she said. "It's my lipstick." Then, "But there's more. I've been scared half out of my wits."

"Not you — never!" he stated emphatically, reaching for her.

But she pulled away and said, "No, honey, I'm afraid there may be trouble. You see, I just learned that Philippe Wyatt, our show pianist, is a tipoff man for the United States Customs. I haven't told him a thing, but he's onto the fact we're smuggling something. I'm afraid."

Frowning like silent thunder, Ali Singh leapt to his feet. "This is bad!" he cried. "How do you suppose he found out?"

She shrugged. "How would I know?" she inquired. "I haven't told him anything."

"Then what makes you suspect he is onto us?" Ali Singh asked.

"Because he as good as told me just now at rehearsal," she replied, sitting up on the bed and running a hand through her bright red hair.

"What did he say, *cherie?*" Ali Singh looked less angry than anxious.

Terry repeated the pianist's warning verbatim — she couldn't have forgotten a syllable had she tried. Then she said, "I wish you had never tried to smuggle these damned diamonds in." She stood up and began to wriggle her hips out of the glittering G-string.

"Allow me, my dear," said Ali Singh, stepping forward to suit action to words, his frown fading before a far more pleasant expression. When he held the G-string in his hands, he looked at it and shook his head. "I only hope you don't get us both in bad trouble." Then, to Terry, softly, "My dear, if there is any trouble for you out of this, I shall spend my life atoning for it."

Feeling a burst of relief at being at last rid of the incriminating, if intimate, garment, Terry held out

—turn to page 56



"She remembers me!"

her arms to him. All she had on was a brief little shirt, which Ali Singh had already unbuttoned, and the gesture caused the double-perfection of her breasts to emerge in all their glory and delight.

"Start atoning right now, darling," she said, her blue eyes sparkling. "I've already worried ten years off my life."

"Then we cannot afford to waste any more time, can we?" he whispered, stepping toward her and bending to kiss lingeringly first one breast, then the other, while Terry clasped his head close and touched his straight dark hair with her own trembling lips.

He stepped back to remove his own clothing while Terry crowded him, teasing him with kisses. She was breathing deeply, rhythmically, already caught in the web of passion about to be fulfilled. Her whole being sang upward, toward a crescendo only her lover could bring to its shattering, rapturous climax.

From the half-open door of the living room of Ali's suite came the sound of a masculine throat being cleared, followed by a discreet knock.

Terry and Ali leapt apart as if electricity had suddenly exploded between them. The girl released her breath in a deep, long-drawn, low-pitched, "Daaaaaaam!"

"Who is it?" Ali asked.

"Sorry to intrude, but the door was open," said a deep, very masculine voice in a rich, Southwestern drawl.

"Mr. Farquarson, it's quite all right!" cried the maharajah. "I'll be with you in just a moment."

Setting the nude Terry on the bed, he laid a finger to his lips for her silence and whispered, "It's the buyer. Wait right here."

"I didn't intend to stroll the hotel corridors in my skin," replied Terry. Then, giving his hand a quick squeeze, "Hurry, darling—and good luck."

Quickly, Ali Singh redressed his half-discarded clothing and tucked his shirt inside his elegant cashmere slacks. He plucked up the G-string from the floor, where it had been discarded during the passionate interlude Mr. Farquarson had interrupted, and, blowing a kiss to Terry over his shoulder, slipped from the room, leaving the door barely ajar.

"So this is how you did it?" boomed Mr. Farquarson. "Ingenious—mighty ingenious, Your Highness. Now, let's have a look at these stones of yours. I'm planning on a

little surprise necklace for my little woman on our anniversary next month, and Cartier hasn't anything good enough for any woman who can endure me for so long."

He chuckled, and then the chuckle faded. With a new, angry note, the buyer boomed, "Is this a joke? If it is, it's in mighty poor taste. These stones are all fakes!"

IV

THEY SAT THERE, the three of them, in the living room of Ali Singh's suite, trying to figure it out—a distrustful Mr. Farquarson, a suspicious maharajah, a bewildered Terry Burrell. Said Ali Singh, "You're sure, my dear, that no one had a chance at them to your knowledge."

"I don't . . ." the girl began, then recalled the various moments during which the switch might have been effected. "When I rehearsed with Philippe yesterday . . ."

Said Mr. Farquarson, "But what would be his percentage, especially if he's a copper for the Customs boys?"

"Maybe he plans to sell them himself?" suggested Ali Singh.

"If he does, he'll be caught." The lips of the multi-millionaire were compressed into a thread, and his eyes were matching slits. "By God! The government can't bother me—not this administration, anyway, not after what I've contributed. But if this piano player has been pulling a swift, I'll have his hide." Then, the roar subsiding to a rumble, "I still can't see his percentage, though." And, turning his frown on Terry, "You're sure, ma'am, there was nobody else?"

"Not unless my roommate, Corinne . . . but that's impossible. Corinne is much too much of a lightweight to do a thing like this." Terry sighed and shook her bright red head. "I don't know," she concluded. "Honestly, I haven't any idea."

"You trust this young woman?" Mr. Farquarson asked the maharajah.

"With my diamonds—with my life, if need be," Ali Singh replied. He stood up, handed the worthless G-string to the girl. "Well," he went on, "since I find myself short of funds, I must take steps to repair the shortage."

"What are you planning?" Terry asked.

Ali Singh regarded her coolly. In spite of his declaration of faith in her to the Texan, he obviously still had his suspicions—and Terry could hardly blame him. "I believe

there is a gaming room downstairs," he remarked.

"You can't beat the house percentage, darling!" exclaimed Terry, moving up beside him.

"I can at least try," he countered. The threesome broke up, with Farquarson saying, "I'll be here till tomorrow afternoon. If you regain possession of them by then, I'm still willing to deal. Otherwise, I shall look elsewhere for a present for Mrs. Farquarson."

In a mood to drop an H-bomb on Las Vegas, Terry entered her room alone—however, she was not alone as soon as she crossed the threshold. Philippe was there, obviously waiting for her. With him was a burly stranger, who promptly identified himself as a U.S. Customs Inspector.

"Okay, honey," Philippe told her in his heavily-accented English. "I've made a pretty nice deal for you. You hand over the maharajah's diamonds, and you'll get twenty-five percent of the reward when they are sold. A major New York jeweler is already interested in purchasing the stones and paying all duties and fines." He smiled smugly and added, "Do not say, *cherie*, that I ever fail to return a favor."

Terry decided to brazen it out—after all, she had no idea where the genuine jewels were. She said, "Philippe, you've been doing all sorts of hinting lately . . . but I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"Oh, come off it, Terry!" said Philippe. "I know you smuggled the maharajah's diamonds in with you. I even know how."

"You tell me then," Terry suggested.

Said the Inspector, "According to the information Wyatt here has given us, you sewed the stones into a—into a G-string." His face went salmon pink.

"I did *what*?" the girl asked, feigning innocence. Then, turning furiously on the pianist, "How could you tell this character things about me that simply are not true?"

"They aren't?" countered Philippe with a smug smile. "You're sure?"

"Of course," snapped Terry.

"Then let us see the G-string, if you still have it," Philippe said sarcastically.

"Of all the damned-fool, prying demands!" exclaimed the girl. Then, rummaging in her handbag, she retrieved the wanted garment, having thrust it back there before leaving Ali Singh's suite. Holding it toward the men, she said, "Here it is! I was

only keeping it because I tore it the other night during the show and Mme. Frou-Frou—that's our wardrobe-mistress—raised such a stink I decided to mend it myself. Take it and be damned to you. And now, get the hell out of here and let a lady have some privacy!"

They did so, but not before Philippe had halted in the doorway to declaim, "I'm sorry you're taking this so hard, sweetie. But you can't say I didn't warn you. When it's all over, you'll thank me—especially when you get your reward."

"Just stay out of the way of my thanks!" Terry snapped at him.

When they had gone, Terry took

twenty-two stones, and the number played me false. Perhaps, now, it will atone."

The croupier gave the wheel a spin, the little ball bounced and spun merrily around, and finally, came to rest in the 19 slot. "My number is taking its time," said Ali Singh, lifting a dark eyebrow.

In vain, Terry tugged at his arm and whispered, "This is crazy, darling! What's the point in losing any more? I have some money, and I can always raise more if we need it."

"Sweet," she said abstractedly, eyeing his diminished pile of chips. "But I could never permit you to help me with money. Do not dis-

spotlight somehow, in time for her first number. There, long training took over, and she went through her paces to a round of roaring applause. When she came off, the usually critical Jules Filou actually kissed her and said, "You 'ave the right tempo for these *Americains*, dearie."

"Why not?" she countered. "After all, I'm one of them."

"Ah, so!" said the producer, "I forgot."

Amid a mounting, uproarious smash-hit, Terry's miseries kept pace. She knew she had lost Ali Singh. He had been too much the gentleman to accuse her, either openly or covertly, but he would be a half-wit if he didn't suspect her. Who else could it have been? The knowledge of her own innocence was small comfort against the irrefutable logic that proclaimed her as the thief. Nor did she have anyone to suspect—not really.

Numbly, she struggled into the rhinestone-studded G-string Mme. Frou-Frou had laid out for her in the dressing room, in preparation for her big final number. She attached her "pasties" and her long eyelashes, fastened on the fringed skirt and the brief, glittering, sequinned bolero jacket and flat, stiff-brimmed gaucho hat that comprised the rest of her costume.

It was as she stood in the wings that Mme. Frou-Frou's ugly old prune-face appeared in front of her, looking up maliciously. The ancient wardrobe-mistress cackled in triumph and said, "Thought you were smart enough to steal your new costume for your own private use, eh? Well, old Frou-Frou wasn't born yesterday. She spotted the change in an instant. When you were canoodling with Phillippe on M. Filou's couch, she switched them. Take care you don't tear this one, or M. Filou will hear how you desecrated his couch."

With another cackle, she was gone, leaving a stunned Terry behind her. Incredulously, she looked down at her G-string, but was unable to see it, thanks to the offstage dimness and the fringed skirt that covered it. But she could tell this was not, of course, the same G-string she had worn under her Capri pants earlier in the day. Nor was it the one she had substituted at Nice. It felt fresher, crisper, newer. Unless Mme. Frou-Frou was lying—but why should the old crone lie about it?"

"Get on there!" snapped an assistant stage-manager, and, some-

—turn to page 58



Helplessly, Terry stood by while Ali Singh let his fortunes ride on the wheel.

a shower to wash off some of the fears and tensions that were plaguing her. She slipped into a sapphire-blue evening gown that covered her curves to a desirable minimum, redid her makeup and marched downstairs to the gaming room, where Ali Singh was busily plying his luck at one of the roulette tables. Between plays, she told him what had happened since leaving his suite.

"So," he said, "your friend Corinne was right about Phillippe. And you gave them the wrong G-string, baby?"

She nodded. "If I get my hands on the right one," she said, "I'll turn it over to you or Mr. Farquarson at once."

"Fat chance!" said Ali Singh, pushing a stack of chips onto the number 22. He added, "There were

turb my concentration."

Helplessly, Terry stood by while her lover let three spins of the wheel go by without playing. Then he risked five counters on the second twelve and collected. Thus reimbursed, he pushed the entire stack again on 22—and lost it.

He played more lightly again, waited again, won again and, when he had amassed another fair-sized stack, thrust it again on 22—and lost it again!

Thus it went, with Terry plunged ever deeper into despair, until Corinne came by and tugged at her arm and said, "Come on, Terree—it's time to get dressed."

In a haze of blank misery, Terry followed the French girl like a zombie. She peeled off her things somehow, while the show got under way, and got out on the boards under the

DIAMONDS, from page 59

how, once again, Terry got onstage to do her big act. She sang and danced and spun her way through the early stages, imitating an English stripper, then an Italian stripper, then a Scandinavian girl, a German and, finally, a French girl. The audience loved her, and, for a moment or two now and then, she forgot the other tensions assailing her.

At last, she went into her American strip, spinning and undulating and teasing, slowly, then swiftly, building her dance toward a crescendo climax. As before, she flung off her pasties, and then her fringed-skirt, while the audience gasped and cheered.

It was then she heard Philippe falter, and feared that somehow he had spotted the diamonds in her G-string. She felt trapped, nor was her morale lifted when, looking into the wings, she saw the Customs Inspector standing there, regarding her thoughtfully—with a uniformed cop at his elbow. In the quick flash of panic that swept over her, Terry all but missed a spin completely, almost fell flat on her face.

As she adlibbed her way out of the misstep, close to the footlights, she saw, through the misty glare of the lights beating down on her, the large, leathery face of Mr. Farquarson, peering impassively up at her from a seat in the second row, on the aisle. He was her only salvation.

With a final, improvised desperate twirl, she leaped high in the air, unfastening the G-string as she did so. It occurred to her she might be getting the show closed on its American opening night by violating decency regulations, but she was in no mood to worry about such trivia. Somehow, while the audience roared its approval, she stripped off the diamond-studded G-string and, with a final, flashing smile, tossed it, apparently aimlessly, into the audience—actually, with careful aim, into Mr. Farquarson's waiting hands. She saw him catch it and, quickly, stuff it under his coat, nodding his understanding at her as she pirouetted off-stage.

"*Sacre bleu!*" screamed M. Filou as the dresser flung her velvet wrap about her. But Terry merely blew him a kiss as she ran out onstage to the most tumultuous applause ever heard in the great gambling and show-business town.

Then, somehow, it was over, and she was back in her dressing room, receiving congratulations. The Cus-

toms Inspector entered first, with the grinning cop behind him. "Here they are," he said, handing her the G-string he had taken from her that afternoon. "Judging from your act, you'll be needing them tomorrow. You were great, Miss Burrell, and I want to apologize for inconveniencing you today. That little punk Wyatt has handed us his last phoney tip." His eyes glittered with fury as he marched out of the dressing-room, taking the uniformed cop with him.

Briefly, Terry put her head in her hands and wept with relief, thus getting mascara and makeup smeared all over her face. She had to use an extra smear-on of cold cream to get the ravages restored, but she didn't care. Philippe had not realized the diamonds were real. Corinne came bursting in when the show was over, squealing admiration for Terry's coup.

"Such daring!" she exclaimed. "Such verve! Such nerve!" Then, pouting, "But did you have to be so successful just before my specialty?"

"I'm sorry, honey," said Terry warmly. "I guess I simply got carried away." In her relief, she felt nothing but warmth toward the world.

Dressed, she headed back toward the gambling room, to get Ali Singh out of there before he could do himself further financial damage. But M. Filou waylaid her, kissing her again, this time on both cheeks. "Magnifique!" he exulted, hugging her to his sparse, birdlike little frame. "I am raising your salary twenty thousand francs a week."

"Hey, coach," said Terry, whose native business sense had not wholly deserted her, "that's only fifty bucks. If I know Hollywood, I'll be hearing from them soon."

M. Filou tore non-existent hair from his gleaming bald pate. "You will ruin me!" he cried.

"On the contrary," said Terry, "I shall make you rich—if I don't decide to go to Hollywood."

She left him to resume her trek to the gaming room. But when she got there, Ali Singh had vanished. After looking for him vainly, Terry returned through the lobby to the elevators—nor was her trip made any the less pleasant by sight of a pale and unhappy looking Philippe Wyatt being aggressively interrogated by the Customs Inspector. She thumbed her nose at Philippe, behind the Inspector's back, as she slipped into the elevator and asked to be taken to the seventh floor.

There she found a radiant Ali Singh, joyously counting a generous stack of happy cabbage on the living-room table. "To hell with the diamonds!" he cried, leaping up to embrace her as she stood in the doorway. "I have just cleaned out the table downstairs."

He embraced Terry lovingly, before she could say a word, and happily wrestled her onto the couch. "Twenty-two," he murmured as he prepared to have his way with her. "My lucky number. And we shall make it again tonight, just you and I."

"Hold on a moment," said Mr. Farquarson's voice from the doorway. "I seem to be spending my life interrupting you two, but I hardly think you'll object this time."

He advanced into the room after closing—and locking—the door behind him, and drew a thick wallet from his breast pocket. "The little lady came through," he said, a smile tugging at his lips. "The diamonds are just great, Your Highness." He began doling out thousand-dollar bills, one after another.

"Great heavens, sweetie!" gasped Ali Singh. "What do you think?"

"I think," she replied, still adjusting her disarrayed clothing, "that we ought to charge Mr. Farquarson admission."

Sir Knight



"Miss you . . . what makes you think I missed you?"

mascaraed lashes, "Thanks for the compliment, Mr. O'Leary. So far my luck hasn't been too good. How's yours?"

"Going great and I hope it stays that way."

"I hope so too, for your sake," she answered with a trace of venom.

"Maybe we can get together a little later on, for a couple," said Winnie, "I mean, after all, it's all in the family, like Roger says. I mean, how's about if I drop by your place later on."

"Make it one-thirty," said Evalyn, giving Winnie a long appraising look, "and don't be late."

When Winnie reached Evalyn's apartment he found that she had changed into a black lace negligee which did very little to frustrate his gaze. With an inward sigh of satisfaction, he noted that years of professional activity had not taken their toll. If anything, her slim hips and thrusting breasts showed that she was in fighting — or loving — trim.

"Like what you see?" she asked coolly. Winnie nodded. "Care for a drink?"

"Not just now," Winnie grinned, "I want to stay sharp."

With that, Evalyn threw back her blonde head and laughed. "You know, Winnie O'Leary, you're my idea of a right guy." She linked her arm in his and guided him to a bedroom where a large double bed lay ready for the night. In the light of a small lamp which reflected on the large mirrors on three walls, she helped him undress. "As an old business woman, business is something I understand. And let's not kid ourselves, that's what this is, strictly business. You got something I want. And I've got something you want — at least I control it. So we'll keep this little arrangement strictly —" she paused and gasped a little, as Winnie stepped out of his clothes. "As for Marly," she added, standing up and dropping her negligee from her body and turning in profile so that Winnie could see the delights of her still handsome form, "if she wants to mess around with being in love, that's her mistake."

"Who said anything about love?" said Winnie, reaching up and grasping Evalyn about her warm smooth waist.

"Nobody did, dearie," said Evalyn, "now you just relax like a good boy."

An hour later when they both lay quiet and Winnie felt more tired

than he had ever been in his young life, Evalyn stroked his ribs contentedly.

"I've got a little proposition to make to you, Winnie, my boy," she began. "As you may or may not know, Roger has made this organization what it is, but he did it on my dough to start with. I've got the control and I intend to keep it. But I see no reason why a fine handsome fellow like yourself shouldn't become — say — a vice-president, providing you play your cards right."

"What kind of cards you mean, doll," asked Winnie cautiously.

"Why, your trump card, of course," she answered, caressing Winnie with a practiced hand. "Don't think I'm a greedy old woman, it's just that I like to have a little something for myself in my old age. And you've got the kind of something I like."

"What about Marly?" Winnie asked. "I don't mind tellin' ya that little coffee pot has really got under my skin."

"Marly isn't going to begrudge her old ma a little fun, like, say, one or two nights a week. She's been brought up generous and what's more, she understands a business arrangement when she sees one. She knows this beats having to make a living the way I used to do."

"Evalyn, as they say over on Times Square, you got yourself some action. Now what do you say we get a little shuteye on account I been at this nearly all day and I don't want I should drop dead the first day I'm a junior partner."

"Take it from me, O'Leary," said Evalyn wistfully, pressing her warm breasts against Winnie's chest and thoughtfully caressing his body, "there's nothing junior about you, buster, nothing junior at all."

Winnie slept but he was still feeling a little under strength the next morning when Roger Cavanagh announced his promotion to the other members of the firm. Noticing that his new vice-president seemed a little thoughtful, Cavanagh asked Winnie to remain behind when the meeting was done.

"Well, Winnie," he began, "now that you're a member of the family, I want you to know that I am personally very happy about the whole thing."

"Member of the family!" said Winnie a little wryly, "it begins to look like I am the family. I'm in it

up to my neck."

"Neck isn't the term I would have used," Roger countered, "but I think I understand what you mean."

"Listen," said Winnie, dropping his voice to a confidential, man-to-man tone, "I want you to know I think you're a hell of a right guy. Know what I mean? I mean, ya give me this break and then what with the way things are working out, you don't get sore or nothing. Jeez, I figure you could have rubbed me out. And when I heard you couldn't even — I mean — you can't — I mean, like they say, impotent, well, what the hell, that's a tough break."

Roger began to laugh, at first softly, then loudly. He paused, pulled an expensive handkerchief from his breast pocket, dabbed his eyes, and then, overcome with laughter, he threw back his head and roared.

"Can't! Couldn't! Why, don't be a fool, man. I'm just as strong as you are. I can go at it every night in the week if I want to. But hell, those two dames were killing me. I couldn't take it any longer. I went to the doctor, got some shots for a couple of months just so they'd leave me alone. Pretty soon I had them convinced that I was burned out and now I can call my soul my own. I don't dare let on to Marly that I'm competent or her old lady will want in. No thanks, brother, I like staying alive."

"You mean —" Winnie croaked. "Are you tellin' me? — oh, no!" He looked at the jubilant, ruddy Roger Cavanagh out of tired, disillusioned eyes.

Before Roger could answer, the intercom buzzed. "There's a call for Mr. O'Leary," said the switchboard girl. "It's Mrs. Cavanagh, she would like Mr. O'Leary to meet her uptown. And Mrs. Cavanagh's mother called while you gentlemen were in conference and asked to remind Mr. O'Leary that he's invited to a small supper party at her house on Monday night."

Cavanagh grinned broadly as he flipped the switch off. "Take over, veep," he said, "what I've always said — we need some new young blood in this firm."

Winnie groaned and dialed a number, Marly's number. "Hiya, doll," he began, watching Cavanagh as he stepped briskly, vigorously from the room. "How does it feel to be vice-president? It feels fine, doll." He sighed. "Feels just great!"



TEXAS TOMATO



Sandy Sims Is a Triple Threat Night Club Entertainer Who Goes All Out for Her Customers!

CALIFORNIA AND Texas have long been engaged in a heavyweight rivalry as to which produces the biggest, the most and the best of everything from citrus fruits to oil wells—and, in the case of Sandy Sims, who displays her luscious wares for SIR KNIGHT, it would appear the nation's first and second-largest states wind up in a tie. At any rate, with Sandy strutting her stuff, it is anything but a dead heat! It's plenty hot, and plenty live . . .

Sandy, you see, was born in California and did most of her growing up there. But not until her family moved to Dallas did Sandy blossom forth with the exciting stuff displayed on these pages. She is one tomato in several million, no matter which way you look at her.

Currently, Sandy is appearing in her almost-native Texas, in Abe's Colony Club in Dallas, to rapt audiences.



**Give a Little, Take a Little —
Sandy Can Afford it with
What She's Got Underneath!**





This magnificent, long-stemmed minx was captaining the chorus line at a top Las Vegas Hotel when promoter Larry Potter cast an eye her way and decided to take her under his personal wing as a solo entertainer. Since Sandy is a real triple threat — she can sing, dance and remove her clothes with the best of them — she is not only drawing top billing and booking from coast to coast, but is forging ahead as a television entertainer.

Sandy is one girl who looks equally well in or out of any type of clothing you can name, from full evening attire to nothing at all. Although she gets paid in part for removing her furs and furbelows in public, sexy Sandy insists that she is not really a stripper at all.

Says she, in a soft Southern drawl, "Ah only remove mah clothes because they gct in the way of mah act."

With those eyes, and that smile, and those — eyes — who is there to say Sandy nay? What a wonderful tomato she is! 





GRANDPA, from page 12

they allowed their digestions to settle at one of the city's many theaters, after which, in carriage and hansom cab, they clop-clopped in relaxed dignity through the cobbled streets to one of the houses, the "Louvre" perhaps, or Fanny White's, where Leonard, or whoever was host for the evening, had already made reservations. If the party was a large one, the entire house might be purchased for the night.

There was no crude, 20th-century call-house bawdiness about the high-class Manhattan brothel of a century ago... instead, an atmosphere of elegance and refinement was maintained, right up to the moment a man about town and his chosen partner or partners for the evening ascended to one of the luxuriously steam-heated and overfurnished bedrooms, for the climactic rites of the occasion.

Then, of course, decorum and restraint went into the commode. Nothing new in techniques for physical love has been learned since the days of Hammurabi... but the girls of Fanny's or the "Louvre" knew their business as well as any courtesans before or since. Full, soft bosoms came popping out of unlaced stays, luscious lips tempted, and pale pink perfumed flesh was applied expertly until satiation called a halt.

Such evenings were costly, even by modern lights. It was nothing unusual for such a party to run through \$5,000 in a single night... but these men were making so much money that the price of a modern Cadillac was a drop in the bucketshop. Nor was cash ever paid in such rarified circles. Either a check was written when the party broke up, or the Madame sent her client a bill at the first of the month, like any other businessman.

In those days, when a man like Leonard Jerome made a night of it, he had more pleasures at his disposal than any of the Caesars of Ancient Rome... and far more com-

fort in which to enjoy them. So it is small wonder that Leonard, vital, successful, sought-after, lusty, should have spent relatively few of his nights at home in the little house on Henry Street, Brooklyn.

However, he did not neglect business for pleasure. In 1856, at Addison's mansion, the Jerome brothers joined forces with witty, stuttering lawyer William Travers to form one of Wall Street's most famous brokerage partnerships. Travers was the man who, when awakening his wife while trying to sneak in unheard in the wee hours, and hearing her ask, "Is that you, Bill?" replied, "Y-yes, Wh-wh-who did you expect?"

The firm continued to blossom despite the fact that Leonard, taking a tip from a false friend, blew his entire personal fortune on the Cleveland and Toledo Company. Luckily, he had just previously settled a million or so on Clara, or he would have been entirely wiped out.

As it was he retired from all financial activity for a year, using his "retreat" to study the psychology of the market. Then, returning to the fray a year later, with money borrowed from friends August Belmont and Henry Clews, he multiplied his firm's capital tenfold in thirty days.

One result of his year of study was a decision to use his knowledge of newspapers to abet his financial plays, and he fed facts to the financial editors of both the *Herald* and the *Tribune* that not only exposed and wrecked the Cleveland and Toledo Company but also brought down Michigan Southern. Playing bear in the debacle that followed, Jerome added more millions to his wealth.

During this period, while Leonard was discussing stocks with friends on the sidewalk near the old Stock Exchange, a broker pointed to the tower of the Ohio Life and Trust Company and said, "Say what you want to, that company is as solid as its tower." Leonard frowned and replied, "I would buy any stock in it at half the going price." Word got

around, and Ohio Life and Trust went bankrupt in 60 days, dragging the whole country into a depression. Leonard, who knew the true rottenness of the finances of the day, continued to prosper.

"There are times, it seems," said a rival bitterly of him, "when it pays to act like a gentleman."

For a couple of decades after this, save for titanic efforts on behalf of the Union during the Civil War, Churchill's grandfather had few financial worries. In 1858, he again took his family to Paris, to Clara's delight. Leonard, a born New Yorker, was less happy. He wrote brother Lawrence late that summer, "Paris is not as agreeable as New York... I amuse myself with music in the morning, walking or riding in the afternoon, theatre and billiards in the evening. I find horses here abom-



inably dear... They do not admire speed. So, if you happen to see a pair you think would suit me, send them over."

However, this wolf of Wall Street was no man to endure for long such a regimen. He was presented to Napoleon Third and sent flowers to a number of opera stars, some of whom, presumably, received more than flowers from him. It was a family legend that Clara was the only woman who couldn't sing that ever got a second glance from him. In 1859, he went back to New York and built Clara her long-promised brownstone palace on Madison Square, next to Mrs. Schermerhorn, the society leader.

Mrs. Schermerhorn, while she ruled the upper crust with a diamond-jeweled hand, was unable to abolish a neighboring establishment called the "Louvre"—a glittering, marble-and-crystal mansion which advertised itself, discreetly, as "the most refined resort of its type in the world." It was, in short, an exceedingly high-class whorehouse, and Leonard and other high-bracket husbands had much to do with its successful campaign against the embattled matrons and dowagers.

Leonard built a magnificent brick-and-marble stable for his horses behind his new house—in fact, he built the stable first—cap-

ping it with a private concert hall that was, in effect, a complete miniature theatre. Clara, more than ever in love with Europe, never really liked her new home . . . and she liked it even less when a lovely young soprano with the voice of an angel appeared very much on the scene.

This was Adelina Patti, the famed operatic coloratura, and the singer was then only seventeen. Leonard placed his private theatre at her disposal for private performances and practice, and the millionaire and the opera star quickly became what modern gossip columnists call an item. Leonard won further comment when he, William Travers and August Belmont staged a contest to see which of them could dream up the most elaborate dinner for Delmonico to prepare in his famed private dining rooms. Diamond and platinum favors were awarded the ladies as favors—and, needless to say, the ladies present were not of the sort Mrs. Schermerhorn received during her "at homes".

It was a gay, extravagant time, broken up by the outbreak of the Civil War. Leonard's brother, Addison, died shortly before Fort Sumter, and Leonard and Travers carried on alone, raising millions for the Union and placing Leonard's private theatre at the disposal of any cause that wished to use it for fund-raising purposes. Once, to aid a benevolent scheme, Leonard raised hundreds of thousands to transport 5,000 emancipated Negroes to the foodless and waterless Ile des



small sailboat, then charged into his office to issue orders, then blazed out to go on the town. Horse-breeding and charities also took up much of his time, and he and August Belmont became the two best pairs of driving "hands" in New York.

In 1865, Leonard paid \$40,000 for a horse named Kentucky, with which he won the Inauguration Stakes, the first race ever run at John Morrissey's revived Saratoga.

So enthralled was he with Saratoga, that he decided New York City should have a similar race-track, and purchased the old Bathgate estate, of 230 acres, at Fordham for the purpose. He and his cronies, including August Belmont, built a dream track, clubhouse and grandstand there and, in 1866, the American Jockey Club held its first race meeting there.

On this gala occasion, the high note was attained neither by society, the theatre nor the horsey set, but by young and gorgeous Josie Woods, Manhattan's most famous madam, who arrived in a glittering victoria, complete with liveried footman. Stuttered William Travers, "I w-w-wonder wh-what's engraved on their b-b-buttons."

The Jockey Club was a howling success from the start, and, a few years later, Leonard caused another sensation by his sponsorship of Minnie Hauk, a tiny, dark-eyed girl in her teens who had been born shortly after Jennie Lind's great tour and could sing almost as well. For once, scandal-mongers did not whisper that Leonard was adding her to his long list of feminine conquests—this time, the story ran, she was his illegitimate daughter! Nor did he ever trouble either to deny the rumor or to cease his sponsorship of the girl who was to grow up into America's first opera star of inter-



Vaches off Haiti—a bungled failure, through no fault of his. Meanwhile, Clara did committee work and rolled bandages.

With the war over, Leonard and Henry Clews at once began investing in plans to rehabilitate the South, and he repaired his personal fortunes through a fistful of millions won with Commodore Vanderbilt in the Harlem-Hudson Railway battle. At that period, he did most of his planning and thinking alone in a

national reputation and fame, and was, years later, to introduce Carmen at Covent Garden, for the first time on an English stage.

It is thanks to one of Clara's rare indiscretions that the rumor of Minnie's true paternity finds solid ground. On the back of one of Minnie's photographs, Leonard's wife penciled, "so like Jennie, but less good looking."

Leonard backed her all the way, both in Europe and America. He inveigled his old flame, Adelina Patti, then top prima donna in the world, to help her with advice and coaching. Minnie, who had a career almost as great, ultimately purchased and restored composer Wagner's Triebeschen villa on Lake Lucerne, where she lived until 1928.

More menacing to Clara's piece of mind was an exceedingly merry young widow from Boston, Mrs. Fanny Ronalds. She had all the talents Clara lacked, the gifts that intrigued Leonard. She had a fine voice, was a superb ice-skater and dancer, could sail a boat and ride a horse with the best. According to the memoirs of a usually reticent Englishman of the day, "Her face was perfectly divine in its loveliness, her features small and exquisitely regular. Her hair was dark brown and very abundant."

Fanny Ronalds was also a shrewd woman of the world. She forced Clara to endure another *menage a trois*—as with Lillie Greenough in Trieste years earlier—at Newport, where she went riding or sailing daily with her host. What went on out of the public eye has not been recorded, but there was suspicion aplenty—also gossip, for no woman seen much with Leonard Jerome was considered safe. And when a woman managed to bring August Belmont into the scene as a rival, she was doubly damned—and doubly envied.

Back in town that autumn, with Leonard, Fanny lamented her inability to have a fancy-dress ball because of lack of funds. Thinking it over, he suggested she deposit a few hundred dollars with his firm and let him see if he couldn't be of use to her. She did so, and, a few days later, he returned her several thousand dollars.

Fanny set to work and threw a wingding that had hardened New York society folk agape. Fanny, herself, impersonated the Muse of Music, wearing white satin embroidered with bars from a Verdi opera . . . appropriately enough his *Masked Ball*. On her head was a

—turn to page 66

GRANDPA, from page 65

Paris-made harp-shaped tiara lit up by tiny gas jets from a tiny cylinder concealed in her hair. The effect was, at least potentially, dynamite . . . as were the red shoes that appeared beneath her skirts when she danced.

A smart woman—but her true shrewdness was not apparent for two decades, when a friend, at table with both Leonard Jerome and August Belmont, mentioned her name, and Leonard said, "August, remember Fanny's costume ball?"

"I ought to," said the financier. "I paid for it."

"I'll be damned!" Leonard exploded. "So did I!"

Leonard became involved in a pair of famous Transatlantic yacht races, the first between Pierre Lorillard's *Vesta*, the Osgoods' *Fleetwing* and James Gordon Bennett, Jr.'s *Henrietta*. Leonard held the \$90,000 bet on the race, and he and brother Lawrence sailed with Bennett, whose *Henrietta* came in the winner.

The second race, in a reverse direction, took place in 1870, immediately before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and Bennett's *Dauntless* lost to Englishman James Ashbury's *Cambria* by a mere hour and 43 minutes, after a series of

hair-raising mishaps.

Meanwhile, Leonard's family had moved to Europe to stay, settling in Paris, where Clara and the three surviving girls quickly made a name for themselves as delightful charmers amid French court circles, all the way from Napoleon III and Eugenie down. The war of 1870 and exile in England were bitter blows, and Leonard had to scramble right back from New York after the yacht race to make sure his family was safe.

Leonard and Clara made a hurried trip back to Paris in May, 1871, to get some of their more valuable belongings to safety, getting their priceless paintings shipped to New York barely before the Communist riots of May 23rd, in which the Tuilleries Palace was burned by a mob. The next day, faring north to look at the ruins, Clara was amazed to see the Imperial dining service being sold for auction on the palace lawn. Entering the bidding, she bought the whole lot, and had them transported in a wheelbarrow to her house, where a worried Leonard was packing the floor.

This white and gold porcelain, with its imperial N is now in Sir Winston Churchill's possession, and causes visiting French dignitaries to

raise their eyebrows in wonder at its present ownership.

With France too unsettled for safety, Jerome settled his family in England and returned to New York to wage a losing battle against the scandals and resulting loss of public confidence that led to the financial collapse of 1873. Leonard was not involved in the scandals, but many of his friends were, and he suffered financial hurt along with them—in fact, worse than some, for his integrity would not let him seek some of the questionable ways they employed to get out of the mess.

It was during this time, that Jennie and young Lord Randolph Churchill met and fell deeply in love. Both families were reluctant to favor the match, and hurt feelings rose on both sides, while the young people continued their courtship in long, serious letters that sound oddly stilted and unemotional to modern ears. The Duke of Marlborough and his duchess were the first to surrender, and Clara was next. Only Leonard hesitated, while his family moved back to Paris. He was in no shape to provide a proper wedding settlement and refused to give his consent until the Churchills offered to settle \$30,000 a year on her. From then on, the deal was set, and the combination of bloodlines that produced Sir Winston Churchill was assured.

Knowing something of his grandfather, it becomes easier to understand the young Winston, just back from the Boer War, shinnying up a pillar in the old London Palladium and leading a cheer:

"For every daughter of joy in the house, for their's is the only bosom on which a tired British soldier can rest his head!"

Had he been to the wars, Leonard Jerome might have made the same or a similar gesture. Certainly, he never gave a damn for what people thought about him.

The long depression of the '70's finished him as a power in Wall Street. He still had money, of course . . . enough to maintain a stable of horses and to make frequent crossings of the Atlantic to visit Clara and his three daughters, all of whom made brilliant marriages in England. But he was becoming an old man, if an amusing one, still handsome and with a wicked eye for the ladies. He died, in England, on a chill March day in 1891. Leonard Jerome was a very remarkable man, one even a Sir Winston has every right to be proud of!



Hollywood's Gibson Girl

Next issue, SIR KNIGHT brings you, in pictures, the workaday world of exciting Nikki Gibsan, a busy, enticing model now — perhaps a star tomorrow.



Twenty-Two Diamonds — Her G-String Could Earn
Her A Fortune Or Land Her In Jail!

BONUS NOVELETTE!

sir KNIGHT

In Reading . . .

- Winnie's Grandpa Was A Sport

see pg 10

- Murder Stalks The Starlet

see pg 18

- Hilarious Tale Of The Syndicate Stud

see pg 24

- The Naive Mr. Flinders Gets Sinvolved Again

see pg 36

sir KNIGHT

In Seeing . . .

- Nude In Hollywood

see pg 7

- Greta Thyssen At Her Best

see pg 13

- Paris Strip Queen

see pg 28

- Marisa Allasio, New Italian Star

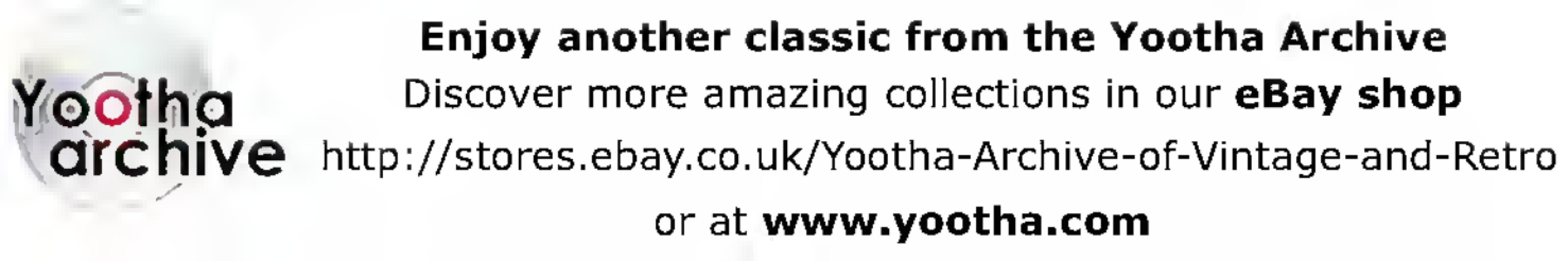
see pg 40

- Texas Tornado Strips, Sings, Dances

see pg 60

• Hot Belly Dancer From Persia . . . see pg 46





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